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edited by

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PREFACE

THESE Selections are designed as readings for pupils of thirteen to fifteen years of age. The need is often felt for a book which is not a literary text-book to be worked at in detail and mainly for examination purposes but which will serve to interest pupils, whose minds are just opening to books, in some of the best writers of the present day. This book is meant to answer that need, to supply reading matter varied enough to offer something of interest to every type of mind in a class of boys or girls at the beginning of the expanding age, to present some of the authors of to-day and show the kinds of things they are writing about. The hope is also present that, by some such introduction, pupils may be helped to realize where their own particular interests lie and to begin for themselves that inquisitive browsing in one direction or another which is surely one of the main ends of schooling.

The readings run from 2,000 to 5,000 words each, long enough to be real units in themselves—not mere snippets—but not too long for any one to be read at a sitting. All the selections have been made from books of the last dozen years so as to present fresh and, where necessary, up-to-date matter, and the authors are among the foremost of to-day in their several fields.

Finally, the attempt has been made to keep a propor-

tion between various interests—this is not a merely literary or historical or scientific book, but a book to expand the mind in any of five main directions—and the arrangement of the readings is such as to lead from the easier to the more difficult, both in each section and in the book as a whole, and from matter of direct experience, almost of sensation, to matter of more thought and speculation. Care has been taken, however, not to go, in the later sections, beyond subjects and treatments which the boy or girl of the age mentioned may be able to get hold of and digest.

A general introduction would have been out of place in such a book as this, which aims to encourage early reading in many fields rather than to present any general results, and the notes have been kept down in number and concentrated on only those things essential to following the sense of the text.

Many uses may be found for the book, for reading in the library hour or for vacation reading, for composition or ~~essay~~ material, for summary or debate, for any work inside or outside the classroom which will save the young mind from lazing and stimulate it to discover its own world.

The editor's thanks and acknowledgements are due to all the authors and publishers of the various books from which selections have been made, a full list is printed on pages vii and viii.

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The above selections are taken respectively from the following books

The Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man (Faber and Faber), *Streaks of Life* (Longmans Green), *Return to Yesterday* (Victor Gollancz), *Portraits in Miniature* (Chatto and Windus), *The Victorian Aftermath* (Routledge), *Bird Watching and Bird Behaviour* (Allen and Unwin), *An Introduction to Science* (Basil Blackwell), *The Inequality of Man, and other Essays* (Chatto and Windus), *Laughing* (Jarrolds), *Assorted Articles* (Heinemann), *The Common Reader*, 2nd Series (Hogarth Press), *Music at Night* (Chatto and Windus), *The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos* (Victor Gollancz), *The Outline of Sanity* (Methuen), *The Scientific Outlook* (Allen and Unwin)

Reminiscences

THE RINGWELL HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

It was peaceful and pleasant to be squatting on a gate and opening the package of sandwiches that Miriam had made me. The gate opened on to a boggy lane which ran through Crutchett's Wood—a well-known covert. But Crutchett's Wood was beginning to look more idyllic than sporting now, it was dotted with primrose bunches, and the wild anemones were numerous. Although I saw them with placid appreciation my uppermost thought was that the country was drying up nicely, deep going was believed to be a disadvantage to Cockbird, who was supposed to possess a turn of speed which he would have more chance of showing if the ground were dry.

The early afternoon was quiet and Sunday-like as I sat with half a ham-sandwich in my hand, a saffron butterfly fluttered aimlessly along the hedge, miles away the grey-green banner of the downs overlooked the inactive Weald, and I thought I'd rather like to be up there, by the old windmill on Ditchbury Beacon.

Discarding this unsportsmanlike notion I went on my way; half an hour later my uncompanioned identity had been merged in my meeting with Stephen and we were very deliberately inspecting the first few fences. There was a stake-and-bound hedge on a bank which we didn't much like the look of. While we were still planted in front of it

the cheery voice of Arthur Brandwick hailed us with, 'That's a place where you'll have to take a pull at your old horse, Steve' With him was Nigel Croplady, wearing white garters and puffing a cigar, his somewhat supercilious recognition of my existence made me feel that I had no business there at all Croplady was on the Point-to-Point Committee, he had helped to plan out the course and had supervised the making up and trimming of the fences

'I'm not at all sure we oughtn't to have made the course a bit stiffer,' he remarked

Brandwick replied that he wouldn't be saying that if he were having a bump round it himself

Croplady expressed regret that he wasn't able to ride the horse he'd entered for the Heavy Weights 'That infernal knee of mine went groggy again while I was playing golf on Thursday But I've got "Boots" Brownrigg to ride him for me, so he ought to be in the picture all right'

I gathered that 'Boots' Brownrigg was in the 'Blues' and had ridden a clinking good finish at the Guards' Meeting at Hawthorn Hill the other day'

Brandwick told us that he'd asked Roger Pomfret to ride his young horse 'He's a mutton-fisted young beggar, but the horse is a bit nappy, and young Roger'll be the man to keep him going at his fences'

Every syllable they uttered made my own private aspirations more preposterous and perishable my optimism was at a very low ebb as we plodded across a wet pasture to the next obstacle, which had a wide ditch on the take-off side

'There's another place where there'll be trouble for somebody' Brandwick's jolly voice seemed to be glorying in the prospect of horses refusing and riders shooting up to their necks, or even over their ears He turned to me 'Let's see, you're running that nice-looking bay of yours, aren't you?'

I replied, 'Yes, I'm having a ride'

Croplady became knowledgeable about the entries, which had long been a subject for speculation between Stephen and myself 'Quite a hot lot for the Heavy Weights this year. Two of those Cavalry thrusters who keep their nags in Downfield. They're always rather an unknown quantity.'

Stephen remarked that the Colonel's Cup was well worth winning, and Croplady agreed that it was a much better pot than the Light-Weight one, and must have cost the old boy five-and-twenty quid at least.

Silent and disheartened I longed to be alone again, the presence of the other two made it impossible for me to talk naturally to Stephen, and I couldn't help feeling that they regarded me as an entry which could be ruled out of all serious consideration. The whole affair had become bleakly detached from my previous conception of it. I was just a greenhorn. What chance had I got against Brownrigg of the 'Blues', or those ferociously efficient Cavalry officers? Bicycling back to the station with only just time to catch the train, I visualized myself refusing the first fence and colliding with Roger Pomfret, who was associated in my memory with all my most timorous experiments with the Dumborough.

Aunt Evelyn found me an uncommunicative companion that evening, and it wasn't easy to talk to Dixon about the course when I went to the stable next morning. 'I hear there's a very hot lot entered for the Heavy Weights,' I said, as I watched him polishing away at Cockbird's glossy coat. My tone was, perhaps, a shade extenuatory. I couldn't bring myself to speak of Brownrigg of the 'Blues'.

Dixon straightened himself and passed his hand along Cockbird's back. 'Don't you worry about that. I'll bet our horse gives some of 'em a shaking up!' he replied.

Cockbird gave a playful hoist of his hind quarters and then snatched a mouthful of hay from his rack. I wished that the confidence of my confederates was a little more infectious.

The Races were to be on Wednesday. After exercising our minds on the problem how best to convey Cockbird to the course by two o'clock on that afternoon, we decided against his spending the previous night in Downfield. I suggested that he would probably sleep better in his own stable, which struck me at the time as being improperly expressed, though it was necessary that he should lie down and shut his eyes like everybody else who has something important to do next day. In this connection I should like to mention an odd fact, which is that when I dream about horses, as I often do, they usually talk like human beings, although the things they say, as in most dreams, are only confused fantasias on ordinary speech.

Anyhow, it was arranged that Dixon should ride Cockbird to Dumbridge on Wednesday morning, box him to Downfield, put him up at Whatman's 'Hunting and Livery Stables' for two or three hours, and then jog him quietly out to the course, which was about four miles from Downfield. In the meantime I was to ride Harkaway to Dumbridge (I felt that this ride would be better for me than if I drove in the dog-cart), catch a later train, and find my way out to the course as best I could. The bag holding my coat, boots, cap, spurs, and weight-cloth would go by the carrier (I mention these details because they did seem so vastly important at the time).

Cockbird's night's rest was, I imagine, normal, and it didn't occur to me to speculate about Dixon's. My own slumbers were what I should then have considered inadequate, that is to say, I lay awake for a couple of hours and then slept like a top until Miriam called me at eight.

I came down to breakfast reticent and self-conscious. Patient Miriam's anxiety that I should eat a good breakfast wasn't well received, and Aunt Evelyn's forced cheerfulness made me feel as if I were going to be hanged in the afternoon. She had never made any reference to the possibility of her going to see the Races. I have no doubt that she was

as sensitive to the precarious outcome of the adventure as I was. For me the whole day, until my race started, was pervaded by the sinking sensation which is commonly called being in a blue funk. But when the stable-boy (his face clearly showing his awareness that he was at close quarters with momentous happenings) had led Harkaway out of the stable, and I had mounted and was trotting through the village, I was conscious of being as fit as I'd ever been in my life, and of being in some way harmonious with the mild, half-clouded April morning which contained me.

The morning tasted good, but it had only one meaning: it was the morning of the point-to-points. To have understood the gusto of that physical experience would have been to destroy the illusion which we call youth and immaturity—that unforeseeing actuality which retrospection can transmute into a lucid and orderly emotion. The April morning, as I see it now, symbolized a stage which I had then reached in my earthly pilgrimage.

But whatever 'bright shoots of everlastingness' my body may have felt, my ordinary mind manifested itself only by instructing me to feel in my coat pocket for the half-sheet of notepaper on which I had written 'This is to certify that Mr G. Sherston's bay gelding Cockbird has been fairly and regularly hunted with the Ringwell Hounds', to which the M F H had appended his signature, adding the figures of the current hunting season, which I had carelessly omitted. This document had to be shown at the scales, although when I actually got there the Clerk of the Scales forgot to ask me for it. When I was making sure that it was still in my pocket I was still under the misapprehension that unless I could produce it in the weighing tent I should be disqualified from riding in the race.

In the middle of the village I met John Homeward and his van. He was setting out on his monotonous expedition to the country town and I stopped for a few words with him. His benevolent bearded face made me feel more confident,

and so did his gruff voice when he took a stumpy clay pipe out of his mouth to wish me luck.

'I've asked Tom to put half a crown on for me,' he said ; 'it'll be a great day for Butley if you win !' His blunt nod, as I left him sitting under the shadow of his hooded van, was a send-off which stiffened my faltering ambition to prove myself worthy of being the owner of Cockbird.

Remembering how I'd bicycled off to the Ringwell Meeting twelve months before, I thought how flabbergasted I should have been if I'd been told that I should be riding in a race there next year. And in spite of that persistent sinking sensation, I was thankful that, at any rate, I had got as far as 'having a bump round'. For whatever might happen, I was much superior to any of the spectators. Taking my cap off to two elderly ladies, the Miss Pattons, who passed me on their tricycles with bobs and smiles, I wondered whether it was going to rain. Perhaps the sun came out to show that it was going to be a fine afternoon. When I was on the main road I passed Joey, the lizard-faced stone-breaker, who looked up from his flint-hammering to salute me with a grin.

* * * * *

The sun was still shining when I got to the course, but it was now less easy to believe that I had engaged myself to contribute to the entertainment which was attracting such a crowd of cheerful country folk. I felt extraneous and forlorn. Everyone else seemed intent on having as good a time as possible on such a lovely afternoon. I had come briskly out from Downfield on a two-horse charabanc which was waiting outside the station. The journey cost half a crown. Several of my fellow-passengers were 'bookies' and their clerks, with their name-boards and giant umbrellas ; their jocosities accentuated the crudity of the impact on my mind made by the realistic atmosphere of racing. I did my best to feel as much like a 'gentleman-rider' as I could, and to forget that I was making my first appearance in a race.

The air smelt of trodden turf as I lugged my bag (loaded with fourteen one-pound lead weights) into the dressing-room, which was in a farm building under some elms on the crest of the rising ground which overlooked the sparsely flagged course. After dumping the bag in a corner of the 'dry-mud' floored barn, I went out to look for Cockbird and Dixon. They were nowhere to be seen, so I returned to the dressing-room, reminding myself that Dixon had said he wouldn't bring 'our horse' out there any earlier than he was obliged to, since it would only excite him, I also realized that I should get 'rattled' myself unless I kept quiet and reserved my energies for three o'clock.

The first race was run at two, and mine was the third event on the card, so I bought that absorbing document and perched myself on an old corn-bin to peruse it. '*Riders are requested to return their number-cloths to the Clerk of the Scales immediately after each race*' I had forgotten that number-cloths existed, so that was news to me. '*These Steeplechases are held subject to National Hunt Rules as to corrupt and fraudulent practices*'. A moment's reflection convinced me that I need not worry about that admonition, it was sufficiently obvious that I had a clean sheet under National Hunt Rules, though it flattered me to feel that I was at last within their jurisdiction.

After these preliminaries I looked inside the card, at the entries. Good heavens, there were fourteen in my race! Several of the names I didn't know. Captain Silcock's 'Crumpet'. Mr F Duckworth's 'Grasshopper'. Those must be the soldiers who hunted from Downfield. Mr G Bagwell's 'Kilgrubbin III'. That might be—yes, of course it was—the fat little man on the weedy chestnut, who was always refusing small timber out hunting. Not much danger from him as long as I kept well out of his way at the first fence, and probably he, and several of the others, wouldn't go to the post at all. My own name looked nice.

A blue-jowled man in a yellow waistcoat hurried in,

exclaiming, 'Can anybody lend me a weight-cloth?' I glanced at my bag and resolved that nothing would induce me to lend him mine (which had yet to receive its baptismal instalment of sweat). Several riders were now preparing for the first race, but no one took any notice of me until ginger-haired Roger Pomfret came in. He had been inspecting the fences, and he wiped his fleshy red face with his sleeve as he sat down and started rummaging in his bag. Tentatively I asked him what he thought of the course. I was quite glad to see someone I knew, though I'd have preferred to see someone else. He chuckled me a surly nod, which he supplemented with—'Course? I don't mind telling you, this something course would break the heart of a blank buffalo. It's nothing but twists and turns, and there isn't a something fence you could go fast at without risking your something neck, and a nice hope I've got on that blank sketchy jumper of Brandwick's!'

Before I could think of an answer his boon companion in blasphemy, Bill Jaggett, came in (embellished with a brown billycock hat and black and white check breeches). Jaggett began chaffing him about the something unhealthy ride he was going to have in the Heavy Weights. 'I'll lay you a tenner to a fiver you don't get round without falling,' he guffawed. Pomfret took the bet and called him a pimply faced bastard into the bargain.

I thought I might as well get dressed up when I had pulled my boots on and was very deliberately tucking the straps in with a boot-hook, Stephen strolled in, he was already wearing his faded pink cap, and the same elongated and anxious countenance which I'd seen a year ago. No doubt my own face matched his. When we'd reassured one another about the superlative fitness of our horses he asked if I'd had any lunch, and as I hadn't he produced a bar of chocolate and an orange, which I was glad to get. Stephen was always thoughtful of other people.

The shouts of the bookies were now loudening outside in

the sunlight, and when I'd slipped on my raincoat we went out to see what we could of the Light-Weight Race.

* * * * *

The first two races were little more than the clamour and commotion of a passing procession. The 'Open Race' was the main excitement of the afternoon, it was run 'in colours', and there were about a dozen dashing competitors, several of them well-known winners in such events.

But everything connected with this contest reached me as though from a long way off, since I was half-stupefied by yawning nervousness. They appeared to be accomplishing something incredible by galloping round the course. I had got to do it myself in half an hour, and what was worse, Dixon was relying on me to put up a creditable performance. He even expected me to give the others 'a shaking-up'. Stephen had ceased to be any moral support at all. In spite of his success last year he was nearly as nervous as I was, and when the field for the Open Race had filed out of the hurdle-guarded enclosure, which did duty as the paddock, he disappeared in the direction of Jerry and I was left to face the future alone.

Also, as far as I knew, my horse hadn't yet arrived, and it was with a new species of alarm that I searched for him after I had seen the race start, the Paddock and its environs now looked unfriendly and forsaken.

I discovered my confederates in a quiet corner under a hayrick. They seemed a discreet and unassuming pair, but Dixon greeted me with an invigorative grin. 'I kept him away from the course as long as I could,' he said confidentially, 'he's as quiet as a sheep, but he knows what he's here for.' He told me that Mr. Gaffikin was about and had been looking for me. 'He says our horse stands a jolly good chance with the going as good as it is.'

I said there was one place, in and out of a lane, where I'd have to be careful.

We then escorted Cockbird to the Paddock ; by the time we were there and I'd fetched my weight-cloth, the Open Race was over and the spectators were trooping back again. Among them was Mr. Gaffikin, who hailed me companionably with 'Hullo, old chap, jolly sporting of you to be having a ride !' and thereafter took complete charge of me in a most considerate manner, going with me to the weighing tent with the weight-cloth over his arm, while I, of course, carried my saddle.

The winner of the Open Race was weighing in when we arrived, and I stepped diffidently on to the machine immediately after his glorified and perspiring vacation of the seat. Mr Gaffikin doled out a few leads for me to slip into the leather pouches on the dark blue cloth until I tipped the scale at fourteen stone. The Clerk of the Scales, an unsmiling person with a large sallow face—he was a corn-merchant—verified my name on the card and handed me my number-cloth and armlet, my number was seven. Under less exacting conditions I might have wondered whether it was a lucky number, but I was pushed out of the way by Pomfret. Arthur Brandwick (in a grey bowler) was at his elbow, talking nineteen to the dozen, I caught a glimpse of Stephen's serious face, Colonel Hesmon was with him, behaving exactly the same as last year, except that, having already 'given the boy the horse', he could no longer say that he was going to do so if he won the race.

While Dixon was putting the last testing touches to Cockbird's straps and buckles, the little Colonel came across to assure me that if Jerry didn't win there was no one he'd rather see first past the judge's wagon than me. He added that he'd taken a lot of trouble in choosing the Cup—'a very nice goblet shape—got it from Stegman and Wilks—excellent old firm in the City'. But his eye wandered away from Cockbird, his sympathies were evidently strongly implicated in Jerry, who was as unperturbed as if he were being put into a brougham to fetch someone from the station.

Near him, Nigel Croplady was fussing round his horse, with quite a crowd round him

The terrific 'Boots' Brownrigg was puffing a cigarette with apparent unconcern, his black cap was well over his eyes and both hands were plunged in the pockets of a short blue overcoat; from one of the pockets protruded a short cutting whip. His boots were perfection. Spare built and middle-sized, he looked absolutely undefeatable, and if he had any doubts about his own abilities he concealed them well

Stifling another yawn, I did my best to imitate his demeanour. The bookies were bawling 'Two to one bar one' Cockbird, stimulated by publicity, now began to give himself the airs of a real restive racehorse, chucking his head about, flattening his ears, and capering sideways in a manner which caused the onlookers to skip hastily out of range of his heels

'I say, that's a classy-looking quad!' exclaimed a youth who appeared to have purchased the Paddock. He consulted his card, and I overheard his companion, as they turned away, saying something about 'his jockey looking a bit green'. 'We'd better back Nigel's horse. They say he'll win for a cert'

For want of anything else to do at this critical moment I asked Dixon whether he'd put Homeward's half-crown on me. He said, 'Yes, sir, Mr Gaffikin's man has just done it for me, and I've got a bit on for myself. *It's a good thing*; they're laying five to one about him. Mr Stephen's horse is at two's'

Mr Gaffikin chimed in with 'Mikado's a hot favourite *Tivo to one on*, all along the line!' Mikado was Croplady's horse

Mr Gaffikin then tied the strings of my cap in a very tight bow; a bell jangled and a stentorian voice shouted, 'Now then, gentlemen, I'm going down to the post' The blue sky suddenly went white, my heart bumped, I felt dazed

and breathless. Then Mr Gaffikin's remote voice said, 'Let me give you a leg up, old chap'; I grabbed hold of the reins, lifted an awkward foot, and was lifted airily on to the slippery saddle. Cockbird gave one prance and then stood still, Dixon was holding him firmly by the head. Pressing my knees into the saddle I overheard Mr Gaffikin's ultimate advice 'Don't go in front unless you can help it but *keep well with 'em.*' They both wished me luck and released me to my destiny.

I felt as if I'd never been on Cockbird's back before; everything around me appeared unreal and disconnected from all my previous experience. As I followed Stephen out of the Paddock in a sort of equestrian trance, I caught sight of his father's face, pale and fixed in its most strenuous expression, his eyes followed his son, on whose departure he was too intent to be able to take in anyone else. We filed through a gate under some trees. 'Gentleman George' was standing by the gate, he stared up at me as I passed. 'That's the 'oss for my money,' was all that he said, but his measured tone somehow brought me to my senses, and I was able to look about me when we got down to the starting place.

But even then I was much more a passenger than a resolute rider with his wits about him to 'pinch' a good start. There were seven others. I kept close to Stephen. We lined up uneasily, while the starter (on his dumpy grey cob) was instructing us to keep the red flags on the right and the white flags on the left (which we already knew). I noticed Pomfret (on a well-bred, excitable brown) and Brownrigg (Crop-lady's bright chestnut looking very compact) already stealing forward on the side further from him.

When he said 'Go' I went with the others, albeit with no sense of initiative. The galloping hoofs sounded strange. But Cockbird felt strong under me and he flicked over the first fence with level and unbroken stride, he was such a big jumper and so quick over his fences that I had to pull

him back after each one in order to keep level with Jerry, who was going his best pace all the way. One of the soldiers (in a top-hat) was making the running with Brownrigg and Pomfret close behind him. At the awkward fifth fence (the one on a bank) Pomfret's horse jumped sideways and blundered as he landed, this caused Pomfret to address him in uncomplimentary language, and at the next obstacle (another awkward one) he ran out to the left, taking one of the soldiers with him. This, to my intense relief, was the last I saw of him. I took it at a place where a hole had been knocked in it at the previous races. The next thing I remember was the brook, which had seemed wide and intimidating when I was on foot and had now attracted a small gathering of spectators. But water-jumps are deceptive things and Cockbird shot over this one beautifully (Stephen told me afterwards that he'd 'Never seen a horse throw such an enormous leap'). We went on up a long slope of firm pasture-land, and I now became aware of my responsibility; my arms were aching and my fingers were numb and I found it increasingly difficult to avoid taking the lead, for after jumping a couple more fences and crossing a field of light ploughland we soared over a hedge with a big drop and began to go down the other side of the hill. Jerry was outpaced and I was level with Mikado and the Cavalry soldier who had been cutting out the work. As Stephen dropped behind, he said, 'Go on, George, you've got 'em stonewall'.

We were now more than three parts of the way round, and there was a sharp turn left-handed where we entered on the last half-mile of the course. I lost several lengths here by taking a wide sweep round the white flag, which Brownrigg almost touched with his left boot. At the next fence the soldier went head over heels, so it was just as well for me that I was a few lengths behind him. He and his horse were still rolling about on the ground when I landed well clear of them. Brownrigg looked round and then went steadily across a level and rather wet field, which compelled

me to take my last pull at Cockbird. Getting on to better ground, I remembered Mr. Gaffikin's advice, and let my horse go after him. When I had drawn up to him it was obvious that Cockbird and he were the only ones left in it. I was alone with the formidable Brownrigg. The difference between us was that he was quite self-contained and I was palpitating with excitement.

We were side by side, approaching the fourth fence from the finish he hit his horse and went ahead, thus caused Cockbird to quicken his pace and make his first mistake in the race by going too fast at the fence. He hit it hard and pecked badly, Brownrigg, of course, had steadied Mikado for the jump after the quite legitimate little piece of strategy which so nearly caused me to 'come unstuck'. Nearly, but not quite. For after my arrival at Cockbird's ears his recovery tipped me half-way back again and he cantered on across the next field with me clinging round his neck. At one moment I was almost in front of his chest. I said to myself, 'I *won't* fall off,' as I gradually worked my way back into the saddle. My horse was honestly following Mikado, and my fate depended on whether I could get into the saddle before we arrived at the next fence. This I just succeeded in doing, and we got over somehow. I then regained my stirrups and set off in urgent pursuit.

After that really remarkable recovery of mine, life became lyrical, beatified, ecstatic, or anything else you care to call it. To put it tersely, I just galloped past Brownrigg, sailed over the last two fences, and won by ten lengths. Stephen came in a bad third. I also remember seeing Roger Pomfret ride up to Jaggett in the Paddock and inform him in a most aggressive voice that he'd got to 'something well pay up and look pleasant'.

Needless to say that Dixon's was the first face I was aware of, his eager look and the way he said, 'Well done,' were beyond all doubt the quintessence of what my victory meant to me. All else was irrelevant at that moment, even Stephen's

unselfish exultation and Mr Gaffikin's loquacious enthusiasm As for Cockbird, no words could ever express what we felt about him He had become the equine equivalent of Divinity.

TWO GLIMPSES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By DAME ETHEL SMYTH

IN *Impressions that Remained*, speaking of our kind friend and neighbour the Empress Eugenie, I mentioned that she had always been interested in the efforts of women to overcome sex-prejudice, and had taken action during the Second Empire toward that end. It was about a year after my career as public musician began that I came to know her well, and from the very first she followed my proceedings with the greatest sympathy. The fate of the Mass interested her particularly, because most of it had been written while I was staying with her at Cap Martin, and, being wholly unmusical herself—a great asset in a musical patron—she readily accepted the composer's estimate of its worth. I do not think that she was less delighted than I myself when, in the autumn of 1891, Mr Barnby (later Sir Joseph), Director of the Royal Choral Society, provisionally accepted the Mass for production at the Albert Hall. By 'provisionally' I mean that I could not get him to fix a date, but the general idea was that the performance would be in the second half of the ensuing season, that is, about March 1892.

Mr Barnby's reluctance to name the day rather troubled me, and the Empress thought it would help matters if she commissioned me to inform him that she herself might possibly be present—a wonderful concession to friendship, for since 1870 she had refused to appear officially in any public place.

This proposal of hers, which I should never have dared to

suggest, showed how thoroughly she had grasped the musical situation in England, where, even before the war denuded the country of concert-going Germans, good music does not pay. That being so, composers who have money fight their way with it, and those who have not try to get up a little boom—which comes to the same thing. If you cannot afford to distribute dozens of tickets among friends and supporters, the public must be induced to buy, and Sir Thomas Beecham once said that the safest plan would be to introduce an elephant who could stand on its trunk, or some such spot of relief, into every concert programme.

In this spirit, then, did the Empress tackle my problem. Further, learning that the Duke of Edinburgh was President of the Royal Choral Society, she thought there could be no harm in manifesting her sympathy for me under the eyes of the Royal Family. An excellent opportunity of doing so lay to hand, it had been for many years the Queen's habit to put one of her Scotch houses at the Empress's disposal during the autumn months, and thus it came to pass that in October I was invited to join her at Birkhall.

Birkhall was a Laird's house, not big, but comfortable, about eight miles from Balmoral, and in the midst of most beautiful scenery. My first amazed impression had nothing to do with the landscape, however, but with the Empress herself. O horror! She, who loathed caps and never wore them, now appeared at the front door with a little erection of black lace on her small, beautifully poised head! What did this portend? It portended that the Queen did not approve of capless old ladies, and this compromise was the result. I was indignant at such pusillanimity on her part, but she only laughed and said what on earth did it signify? '*Si cela fait plaisir à votre Reine*!'

The day after my arrival the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg came over to see her, and as the Duchess and the Prince were both fond of music I was asked to sing. Following on that, the Queen sent a

message to say that when she came to pay her own visit next day I was to be presented

Mary Crawshaw, whose jokes I am never weary of repeating, once said to an old lady from South Africa who had remarked that you mustn't play games with the English climate 'No, or, at least, only *indoor* games' But the Queen's life was one long outdoor game with the Scotch climate—a still more uncertain playfellow, and next day a storm was raging that, whatever one may say about the fleeting character of Scotch storms, began at breakfast and lasted till nightfall I could never have believed that any old lady would venture out in such weather, but I was informed, and it proved to be true, that the Queen would infallibly turn up, and probably in an open carriage, also, that her ladies would wear the minimum of wraps, as the Queen herself never caught cold and had a great objection to being crowded out by rugs and furs

Some of her ladies were old and frail, but the rigours of a Scotch 'waiting', including a north-east wind *with rain*, were evidently nullified by the glow of loyalty within their bosoms On the other hand, dread of displeasing 'the dear Queen', as she was always called (and rightly, for, if dreaded, she was greatly beloved), may have had something to do with it Terror often acts as a tonic, and the first rule in the *Primer for Courtiers*—a fine rule that fashions heroes and heroines—is 'Thou shalt not be ill' Anyhow, I never heard of any of her ladies dying of pneumonia, as might have been expected, after these terrific drives, that sometimes lasted hours and hours

The Queen was expected at three o'clock, but long before that hour the Empress was scouting in passages and peering into the storm-tossed garden to make sure that the coast was clear, for the Queen had the greatest horror of coming across stray people Indeed, I know of a case where an unlucky Maid of Honour, surprised in the corridor of Windsor Castle by the unexpected appearance of Her Majesty in the far

distance, remained concealed and trembling behind a curtain for half an hour, while the Empress of India was supervising the placing of tributes from an Indian Prince. And when the Royal carriage arrived at Birkhall, but for the Empress, Madame Arcos, and the footmen, it might have been a deserted house.

The Empress and Madame Arcos received the Queen and Princess Christian at the front door, and the red carpet, unrolled in a flash, was sopping wet before the august visitors had time to set foot on it. The three Royal ladies then disappeared into the drawing-room, while Madame Arcos and Lady Amptill, who was in waiting on the Queen, came into the room where I, in another sense, was also in waiting. Presently the Empress herself looked in, beckoned to me, I followed—and lo! I was in the Presence.

Seated on one of the ordinary cane-chairs, no doubt because easier to get up from, was a wee little old lady with exactly the face of the photographs, though paler than one expected—on her head a little close white straw hat, tied under her chin with a black ribbon (the only possible plan, given the storm and an open barouche). It is a well-known fact that, in spite of a physique that did not lend itself to effects of majesty, the personality of the Queen was imposing to the last degree, such was the dignity that enwrapped it. The first impression was so awe-inspiring that I should have been terrified but for the wonderful, blue, child-like eyes and the sweetest, most entrancing smile I have ever seen on human face.

The Empress had told me that, though the Queen had chronic sciatica and walked with a stick, she never permitted anyone to help her out of her chair, even when that chair had no arms. Much to my astonishment, she now got up to shake hands with me, lifting herself with a sort of one, two, three and away movement, which it took all one's strength of character not to assist with a hand under the elbow.

I cannot remember what passed at that interview except that she was markedly kind, and that Princess Christian, who, as I was to find out later, always knew what the helpful thing to say was, and said it, at once remarked that she had heard a great deal about me from the Bishop of Rochester and his wife, the point being that the Bishop (who is now Archbishop of Canterbury) had been Dean of Windsor, and, besides being the Queen's Private Chaplain, was one of her most valued friends and advisers. A further passport to favour was the fact that I could claim to be connected with the Bishop, his brother having married my eldest sister !

It was not the Queen's way, and not according to the tradition she had been brought up in, to put you at your ease, as some Sovereigns do, and bring about anything distantly approaching conversation. But the Empress, who was the most socially competent of beings, talked away cheerfully in her own easy, delightful fashion, all in adopting a manner I had hitherto seen no trace of, and which was reserved exclusively for the Queen—something of the manner of an embarrassed but attentive child talking to its grandmother.

Presently I was asked to sing, and sang several German songs which seemed to please my audience so highly that the Empress was emboldened to say 'You ought to hear her sing her Mass !' Whereupon I performed the *Benedictus*, and the *Sanctus* after the manner of composers, which means singing the chorus as well as the solo parts, and trumpeting forth orchestral effects as best you can—a somewhat noisy proceeding in a small room. I had warned the Empress that if I did it at all it would be done in that fashion, and, being a most courageous woman, she took the responsibility—with no dire results, as subsequent events were to prove. Indeed, she remarked afterwards that beyond doubt the Queen really was delighted with this novel experience, not merely being polite.

The Queen then expressed a hope that the Empress would bring me to Balmoral, after which I was dismissed and joined

the official ladies in the other room. There we had tea, and I listened for the first time, in high edification, to the delicate and guarded style of intercourse that appears to be the right thing between such interlocutors. The storm, which had somewhat abated in honour of the Queen's arrival, was now raging more wildly than ever, the rain descending like one continuous waterfall. It was hardly possible to hear oneself speak, but I managed to ask Lady Ampthill if the Queen would have the carriage shut going home, and to catch her serene reply: 'Oh dear no, I think not'. Watching their departure from behind a curtain a little later on, I saw this incredible prediction was fulfilled. . . and my ideas on the subject of what 'Queen's weather' really amounts to were modified for evermore.

The Empress told us, after she was gone, that from first to last the Queen made not the slightest comment on the tempest, nor any move to depart till a gilly came banging at the drawing-room door, and said 'Your Majesty must go—the horses can't stand this'—the sort of thing not one of her children would have dared to say, unless, perhaps, the Empress Frederick. She also told us that after I had left the room the Queen remarked 'I hear she is going to turn Roman Catholic,' to which she had replied

'Oh no—I don't think so.'

Here I broke in, being at that time much preoccupied with religious questions, and exclaimed that she might surely have added 'On the contrary, she is an enthusiastic Anglican.' But the Empress said the Queen did not go into these matters so closely as all that, and, knowing in what high favour the Bishop of Rochester stood, she had told her my opinions '*étaient identiques avec les siennes*'. After which I wrote to Edith Davidson that I trusted the Bishop would from henceforth hold himself responsible for my views, no matter on what subject.

In due time came the promised command, and one evening I found myself struggling to achieve as presentable a toilette

as possible, having been bidden, with the Empress, to dine at Balmoral. At the last moment she herself put a few finishing touches, producing and arranging upon my head a grand jet serpent, and disposing other jetty splendours about my person, for the Court was (as usual) in mourning.

I, of course, dined with the Household—such an everyday affair to hundreds of people that they would hardly deem it worth talking about. But to me it was a new, interesting, and rather alarming experience, nor has custom staled the impression, for it remained solitary of its kind.

To begin with, the dinner service impressed me. My own dog, Marco, ate off a tin platter, and often, when cutting away gristle or severing bones for him, I had shuddered at the contact of steel and metal. But the first time your own knife and fork are privileged to scratch about on gold and silver plate, unpleasant as it is, you are impressed. I was impressed, too, by the air of distinguished boredom, combined with a well-bred but unmistakable consciousness of occupying an enviable position, that people about a Court invariably distil—as I was to find out in after-years. And, again, as at Birkhall, the Agg-like gait of the conversation was extremely impressive. I cannot claim to be constitutionally shy, which may be a sign of conceit, and may, on the other hand, indicate that the drama itself, and not your own part in it, absorbs most of your attention, but surely, I said to myself, the genius of this place must affect even the most brazen! With what invisible pitfalls is one surrounded, how terrible must be the penalties incurred by one false step, since all are keyed up, as a matter of habit, to this extraordinarily high pitch! No ups and downs of mood here, no enthusiasm, no individual opinions, and for Heaven's sake, no originality! If the writing on the wall were to reveal itself (for there is writing on every wall could one but detect it) you would read these words: 'Corners rounded off here while you wait.'

Arthur Ponsonby, who had formerly been a Queen's Page,

once told me that when studying modern languages for the Foreign Office he came home from Germany one Christmas to find himself invited to dine with the Household. And when dinner was over he had stopped himself just in time from flapping his table-napkin free from crumbs, and folding it up, as was the custom in the North German professorial family he had been living with for months ! It was a narrow escape, and no wonder his heart nearly stopped beating !

All the same, however, dinner was very pleasant. I had met one or two of the equerries and Maids of Honour at the Deanery, and as Tosti, the song-writer, whom I liked extremely, sat on one side of me, I was quite sorry when the doors were flung open by scarlet-liveried footmen—signal that the Queen was ready for our presence.

* * * * *

I must now nerve myself to recount the story of one of the most appalling blunders I ever committed in my life, even to-day, though I can laugh about it, the thought of it gives me a slight sinking ! At the moment, though conscious of having sinned against ritual I did not realize the full enormity of my crime—you must have been bred to Courts to do that ! And though, as time went on, I grasped it exhaustively, somehow or other I shrank from cross-questioning the Empress on the subject. For one thing, so great was her kindness that she would have attenuated my *faux pas*, for another, knowing what her agony must have been as she watched her young friend's proceedings, I fancied she would prefer not to live through it all again ! Finally, truth to tell, the whole thing was a humiliation to me to think of ! Despicable, no doubt, to take it as hard as all that, but so it was.

Why no one prepared me for the situation I was about to become part of, why no one gave me a hint how to comport myself in it, I cannot imagine. The Empress was always thinking out and guarding against eventualities in what

seemed to me almost a feverish fashion, yet this time she said not a word, and I can only suppose she felt certain that my darkness would be enlightened by Madame Arcos or one of the Maids of Honour. But it was not, and when we left the dinner-table, being the only guest of my sex present, I gaily headed the procession drawing-roomwards, my mind innocently set on making myself agreeable when I got there.

It was a large room, with deep bay-windows, and the first thing I noticed was that the sofas and chairs were tightly upholstered in the gay Stuart tartan—a proof that to be Queen of Scotland involves painful aesthetic concessions.

On a large hearth-rug—tartan, too, I think—in front of the grate, in which I rather fancy a few logs burned (though, given Her Majesty's hardy habits it seems improbable), stood the Queen, conversing with the Empress in a lively manner that contrasted with the somewhat halting intercourse at Birkhall. Evidently, I said to myself, the animating effects of a good dinner may be counted on even at the less frivolous European Courts.

Leading up to the two august ladies was an avenue composed of Royal personages, ranged, as I afterwards found out, in order of precedence, the highest in rank being closest to the hearthrug, which avenue, broadening towards its base, gradually became mere ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and finally petered out in a group of Maids of Honour, huddled ingloriously in the bay-window.

What I ought to have done, I believe, was to stand rigid and silent among these last, endeavouring to catch the eye of the Queen and the Princesses, curtsy profoundly when successful, and await events. Will it be believed that what I did was to advance unconcernedly up the avenue, with a polite intention to say 'How do you do' to the Queen? . . .

If a young dog strays up the aisle during church no one says anything, no one does anything, but, none the less, he soon becomes aware that something is wrong. Even so, as the distance between myself and the hearthrug diminished,

did I become aware that something was very wrong indeed, my cheerful confidence waned and my step faltered. I saw the Queen slightly turn her head, look at me for a second as if I were some strange insect, and resume her conversation with the Empress. If I had been a Brobdingnagian spider as big as a retriever she would not have acted differently. Someone would remove the creature, that was enough. I did not catch the Empress's eye, but I now know that since she could not shriek, 'Mon Dieu, n'avancez pas !' she must have wished the earth would open and swallow her up. At this moment dear, human Princess Christian, who had come more in contact with low life than the Queen, stepped forward and shook hands with me—and somehow or other, I know not how, I backed away into the obscurity from which I should never have emerged.

Afterwards I heard all about that Hearthrug, and could gauge the dimensions of my own audacity. It was as sacred a carpet as exists outside Mohammedanism, and the distance from it at which people were permitted to station themselves—if invited to come near it at all—was the measure of their rank and importance. Only Crowned Heads trod it as a right, or occasionally, as supreme honour, some very favourite Minister, like Lord Beaconsfield. If such as I had set foot upon it, as, but for the blessed intervention of Princess Christian, I might have done. but, no ! a miracle would have been wrought, a thunderbolt would have fallen upon a tartan sofa and created a diversion. Something—anything would have happened rather than such sacrilege could have been permitted !

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When the legitimate moment came for my presence being recognized by the Queen—I cannot recall how it was accomplished, whether she went the round of the company, or whether I was summoned to her chair—but whichever it was, my scandalous entry was evidently condoned, for nothing

could be more gracious than her manner. And presently, having received the command to 'let us hear more of your Mass', I was seated at a huge, yawning grand piano, with the Queen and the Empress right and left, in closest proximity. I ventured to ask whether the music was to be rendered as at Birkhall—for such a proceeding seemed unthinkable in these surroundings—but I was assured that exactly that rendering was 'so very interesting', and would be welcome.

I looked round the frozen ranks of impending listeners, each of them exhaling decorum and self-restraint unutterable. A vault beneath a church would have been a more kindling *mise en scène* for an inspirational effort on a large scale. Not because of the Royalties, who one and all showed genuine and kindly interest, but because of their inevitable adjunct the 'Court'. Straight in the line of vision, glued against a distant wall, stood Lord Cross, the Minister in Attendance, looking startlingly like his caricature in *Punch*, 'very Cross'. I afterwards learnt that I had not a more appreciative listener in the room. But how could one guess that? Well, there was nothing for it but to dismiss this Madame Tussaud-like company from my mind and concentrate upon the Mass.

Strange to relate, once I got under way there was something inspiring in the very incongruity of the whole thing, the desperateness of such a venture. Never did I get through one of these performances better nor enjoy doing it more. I cannot remember what numbers I chose, but the *Sanctus* must have been one of them, for in it is a D trumpet, which I remember rang out astonishingly in that superbly acoustic drawing-room. I dared not let my eyes wander in the direction of the listeners while the high D was being held, lest what I might see should wreck everything, but I need not have been afraid, as I was to learn presently.

And now, emboldened by the sonority of the place, I did the *Gloria*—the most tempestuous and, I thought, the best

number of all. At a certain drum effect a foot even came into play and I fancy that, as regards volume of sound at least, the presence of a real chorus and orchestra was scarcely missed ! This time, fortified by the simplicity and genuineness of the Sovereign's appreciation, I thought I would risk a glance at the faces of her terrifying Court. What matter if astonishment and secret scandalization be there depicted ? I was firm in the saddle now, not easily to be thrown !

I glanced. They were stupendous. No surprise, no emotion of any kind—a spectacle so exciting, because so fantastic, that the result was a finale to that *Gloria* such as I had never before succeeded in wresting out !

Once more the Queen seemed really delighted—whether for the Empress's sake or because she liked it, who shall say ? Anyhow, the Grand Duke of Hesse, who was a cultivated musician, seemed really to understand what he had been listening to, and so did Princess Christian, who was constantly in touch with serious music and musicians. And I could see that the beloved Empress, in spite of the incident of the Royal Avenue, did not repent her of the rôle she had undertaken—according to her (for I have said she accepted the composer's view of the Mass) the rôle of a foreigner who introduces a gifted Englishwoman to the Queen of England !

Then Tosti, accompanying himself, sang some favourite songs of his own composition, with exquisite blending of voice, phrasing, and accompaniment. It was small art, but real art. Most of the people to whom I expressed an ecstasy that even the prevailing discretion could not damp, replied instantaneously as if uttering one of the responses in church 'Yes, but what a pity his voice is so small !' And I perceived that this was the accepted formula for Tosti.

When the Queen said 'Good night' to me she added a hope 'that we shall see you at Windsor', and then she and her Imperial guest moved towards a special Royal exit, for though the Empress, the Marquis of Bassano (who was in

attendance on her), Madame Arcos, and I were all driving home in the same carriage, it would never do for us three to go out by the same door as a Crowned Head

This was lucky, for I now had the chance of witnessing a wonderful bit of ritual. Arrived on the threshold, the while we mortals stood rigid, the Queen motioned the Empress to pass her, this the Empress gracefully declined to do. They then curtsied low to each other. The movement of the Queen, crippled though she was, was amazingly easy and dignified, but the Empress, who was then sixty-seven, made an exquisite sweep down to the floor and up again, all in one gesture, that I can only liken to a flower bent and released by the wind. They then passed *together* out of the door, practically shoulder to shoulder, but I believe, though far be it from my ignorance to dogmatize, that on such occasions the visiting Sovereign is permitted to permit the home Sovereign to lag about one inch behind.

Thinking of that superb reverence of the Empress's which I am everlastingly glad to have seen, I have reflected that every bone in her body must have been placed true in its socket to the millionth part of an inch, that her proportions must have been perfect, the fibre of her muscles, the texture of her skin, of the most superb quality, and that this is probably what the word 'beauty' means. Otherwise, so unbroken, so undulating was the motion, that one could only explain it by what an old Irish servant remarked to a conspicuously active friend of mine, temporarily crippled with sciatica - 'To think of *you* like this, you that goes flourishing about as if you hadn't a bone in your body!'

I may add that the Empress was not required to drain the cup of humiliation to the dregs that night, inasmuch as the black jet serpent did not come down in coils over my face during the *Gloria*, as might have been expected, but not till we were safe in the carriage and half-way home

To complete the story of the Mass, I must first say that the Empress's kindness in bringing about that Balmoral performance was of the greatest possible use. A year later (Christmas, 1892) it was still as far off materializing on a Royal Choral Society programme as ever. But by that time my lifelong friendship with Lady Ponsonby, wife of Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, had just begun, and one day, at her instigation, Sir Henry told the Duke of Edinburgh, whom I did not know, how matters stood.

The Duke had heard all about the Mass, thanks to the Empress, and the result was that it was at once put down for performance. And not only did the Empress definitely undertake to be present, but Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg did the same. And whereas singers with reputations are not anxious, as a rule, to take part in novelties by practically unknown composers—not, at least, unless they are heavily subsidized by the composer to do so—it now became emphatically worth while to sing in the Mass. Thus I was able to command the services of admirable soloists.

The production, which took place in March 1893, was splendid, the public enthusiastic, the Press the same. . . but the Mass was never performed again.

If I had chosen an Old Testament subject, say, Methuselah, or perhaps Joash, King of Judah, contemporary of Jehoash, son of Jehoahaz, King of Israel (2 Kings xiii 10), one of the Three Choirs Festivals might have jumped at it. But, strange to say, the everlasting beauty of the Mass appealed to me more strongly than anything else, and I have but reaped the reward of my perversity.

Still, it is a pity, for, judging by the pianoforte score, which Messrs. Novello rashly published, and which I have dragged forth and examined in honour of these pages of reminiscence, I see that, be the worth of my music what it may, I shall never do anything better! But if, even after one's own

death, anyone thinks it worth producing, it will not have been written in vain

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There is one thing more I should like to say for the comfort of a certain breed of young composers—those who only see where they have failed. It is a difficult experience to recount, yet it ought to be possible, to put it decently, to convey exactly what I wish to convey—no more and no less.

The point I want to bring out, and should like to insist on beforehand, is, that such composers, besides writing under a sense of their own ineptitude, will always be prone to over-estimate and listen with too indulgent an ear to the efforts of others. But at that moment of special anguish, when a public performance of their own work is queering the pitch, one may safely say that the nerves of these unfortunates will be too unhinged to register an approximately true judgment as to any item on the programme! It is only thus that I can explain an incident from which, nevertheless, I confess to having drawn consolation more than once in hours of gloom.

I have not examined the score of that Mass, which is where I cannot get at it easily, for fifteen years, and I am sure I should now consider it badly orchestrated. Yet I am also sure that it would not sound ugly, on the whole, for all its faults of inexperience. A painter may paint a picture which is not hideous in colour *as a whole*, but he knows what he meant to do with this bit of sky, with that bit of foreground, and to him it appears irredeemably bad as to colour.

So I, with my Mass, was in despair at the first orchestral rehearsal. It sounded horrible, all wrong, and when I went away I asked myself how Barnby could have accepted such a vile score.

Next day, at the second rehearsal, my work was to come on at 11.30 a.m., and at eleven, as I was climbing the interminable stairs and twisting about in the intricate corridors

that lead to the Great Hall, sounds of music came floating
towards me from afar In sick misery I said to myself
' *That's* how I should like my music to sound ' And when
I got nearer I seemed to know that phrase What was
it ? *It was my own Mass*

RE-AGENTS

By FORD MADDOX FORD

CONRAD came round the corner of the house. I was doing something at the open fireplace in the house-end. He was in advance of Mr. Garnett who had gone inside, I suppose, to find me. Conrad stood looking at the view. His hands were in the pockets of his reefer-coat, the thumbs sticking out. His black, torpedo beard pointed at the horizon. He placed a monocle in his eye. Then he caught sight of me.

I was very untidy, in my working clothes. He started back a little. I said: 'I'm Hueffer.' He had taken me for the gardener.

His whole being melted together in enormous politeness. His spine inclined forward, he extended both hands to take mine. He said:

'My dear faller . . . Delighted *Ench* *anté* !'
He added: '*What* conditions to work in . . . Your
admirable cottage Your adorable view'

It was symbolic that the first remark he should make to me should be about conditions in which to work. Poor fellow, work was at once his passion and his agony and no one, till the very end of his life, had much worse conditions. On the last time I saw him, a few weeks before his death, he said to me:

'You see, I have at last now got a real study of my own. I can work here uninterrupted.' He was to do so little more!

He was staying at the moment of that visit up on the Chart to be near Mr. Garnett. He had been living in the rather

lugubrious village of Stamford le Hope, on the estuary of the Thames amongst the Essex marshes. His poverty was like a physical pain, but his reputation as a writer was already enormously high. A week after the publication of his first book he stood absolutely in the front rank of English authors, yet the great public was extraordinarily slow to hear of him. I suppose it did not really do so till the publication of *Chance*, fifteen years after that date. And they were fifteen years of agonized labours and the most fell anxieties, the most desperate expedients. The highest note of his life was his passion for his work, the most dominant one that of being assured of having provided for his family. His tastes were of the least expensive, he was as happy playing dominoes in a city Mecca—a coffee house—over a cup of coffee as in any other situation in the world. He would place on the marble table-top the winning domino of a series, his whole face lighting up with animation and triumph. Yet, since I never won one of the innumerable games that I played with him, the triumph could only in the beginning have had any novelty for him.

In those early days he still had a great deal of the master mariner about him. His characteristic attitude was that, with his hands in the pockets of his coat and his beard pointing at the horizon. He strode, with the rolling gait of the quarter-deck, into a room or on to a terrace. He had the air of a Caliph entering a slave market—as if he could confiscate any of the beautiful slaves or do what he would with the view beneath his eyes. He was an unexampled *raconteur*. If his ambition in writing was, as he has said, 'above all to make you see' he could in telling stories, in his dusky affectionate tones and with his singular accent, make you see almost anything in the world. It is to be remembered that he was Polish of very aristocratic ancestry. That was what gave a particular agony to his anxieties for his family's welfare. He sat almost in rags and groaned with the fear that his pen would not be able to provide, for his children and

grandchildren, great mansions to withstand the snow, elaborately ornamented sleighs, blood horses, innumerable retainers and halls opening out, the one into the other, beyond the eyesight. I never heard him lament the shortages of the present. He was happy with, and even proud of the few poor things that he had. The old mare that he drove, Nancy, had such long ears that she had the air of a mule, but for him she was the most engaging of beasts with the most enlivening characteristics and the speed of a Rolls Royce among quadrupeds. His old harness and his old cart were of the noblest pedigree of such things. He never knew that he was shabby. If he had two odd gloves they would have been manufactured by the best maker Bond Street could show. But for his son the future must hold a Rolls Royce all of silver and clothes all from Poole who made for Edward VII.

But indeed he wore his old clothes with the air of a Prince and when he was behind Nancy you thought her the horse of the Cid, he so dominated all views. He had a singularly nice taste in cooking and in that respect fate was good to him. In the direst times of his poverty he yet had a table that was better than almost anybody's I have ever known. For with care, two eggs, a little butter, some potherbs and a few scraps you may eat as Brillat Savarin, and Conrad had a devoted family.

Except for his unexpected, queer, rather stiff appearance, his sudden melting into Oriental mannerisms, and the fact that his first speech was about conditions of work, I do not remember much more of that first visit of a man with whom I was destined to become extremely intimate and whose memory remains the most treasured of my possessions. I remember mostly his smile of satisfaction and enchantment at his son and my daughter as they climbed determinedly on all fours and wrestled like eighteenth-century cherubs on the sloping grass of Mr. Garnett's property which was called the Cearne. I must have told him that I was writing a novel about Cuban pirates. That the sequel will show. But I did

not see him again during his visit to Limpsfield and he went away back to Stamford le Hope and its marshes.

I was destined to deepen my acquaintance with Crane before I again saw Conrad. That, remembering back, comes to me rather as a queerness. I got to know Conrad so well that I seem to have known him all my life. That was because he represented to me Man, Humanity as it should be. Crane, on the other hand, was like the angels. He did not seem to have the motives of common clay. Conrad produced with agony and you saw how it was done. Crane hovered over his foolscap sheets using a pen as a white moth uses its proboscis. His work had for me something of the supernatural. He comes back to me always as joyous.

That was perhaps due to his youth and his early death, for in these he was fortunate. But I dare say it was due to the fortuitous circumstances that on several times when I visited him, he had just had pieces of good fortune.

My first visit to him was at a villa called Ravensbrook at a horrible place—in a bottom, damp, and of the most sordidly pretentious type of suburban villa architecture. I was trepanned there.

There was in Limpsfield a very energetic, advanced lady, Scottish, indomitable, and the wife of a Fabian official. You would see her boyish figure, in knee breeches and a bonnet with strings, dragging at the reins of a donkey in a governess-cart, up hill, in the mists of the Common and the Chart. There would be two freckled boys in the cart. They would fight, fall out, scramble in again somehow. They would disappear and come again into view amongst the clumps of gorse, always with the indefatigable lady dragging donkey, bending forward, striding along.

She would be going on her ceaseless errand of getting people together. She was in those days my terror, but she comes back to me in a sudden warmth of affection—her ingenuous face, her Scottish brogue, her optimism, length of limb and heather tramp with its springy gait. She was

like a daughter of a Duke of Argyll urging her father's tenants to be friendly with the Macgregors.

She appeared one afternoon in my cottage and ordered me to go at once to Ravensbrook and teach Mrs. Crane how to make mediaeval dresses. I was confused and unwilling. She said that I ought to know how to make mediaeval women's clothes because of my Pre-Raphaelite origins. One of the members of my family wore what we should now call a *robe de style*, a close-fitting bodice, a very full skirt and a sort of yellow surcoat with dangling pointed sleeves which got into the baby's milk. The lady said that that proved that I knew how to make hennins, cotters, surmantels and the rest. I was alone in the cottage and she managed to convey to me that there was breathless need of my hurrying to Mrs. Crane.

I reached Ravensbrook about seven. Mrs. Crane, large, fair and placid, with her attendant dark, thin and vivacious Mrs. Rudy, would no doubt have looked admirable in a hennin. But she was puzzled by my appearance. She had never had any idea of abandoning coats and skirts. We worked out that Mrs. Pease had determined that she and I should get together. Mrs. Pease wanted to see the countryside covered with ladies in mediaeval attire.

Mrs. Crane was almost as puzzled by my English-English accent as by my errand and we finally did talk about mediaeval dress. It was perhaps the beginning of poor Crane's undoing. For it was, I think, Mrs. Crane's amiable romanticism which led her and poor Crane into various fantasies and ended with their lodging themselves in Brede Place. There, truly, Mrs. Crane wore hanging sleeves, hennins and pointed shoes. Beneath the refectory tables were rushes where the dogs lay and fought for the bones that were dropped to them. I did, of course, know a little more of how the ladies of the Courts of Love garbed themselves than she did.

I remember as a detail that when I said she must cut the

stuff for her sleeves on the cross or they would not hang right she did not understand the words 'on the cross', and finally worked out that I meant that she should cut 'cater' the material. It pleased me very much to find that fine old Kentish dialect word in common American use. Or perhaps it was merely Southern? Mrs Crane came from Jacksonville, Florida.

Do you know the story of the truthful curate? He called on a family of his parishioners at tea and every time they said to him 'Must you *really* go now?' he replied that it was not absolutely necessary. So he stayed to dinner, and the master of the house had to sleep on the billiard-table because the curate was in his bed, and he breakfasted there and sent for his sermon paper and composed his sermon in the master's study, and so on for ever. I must have been like that at Ravensbrook.

At any rate, I was there at half-past twelve when Crane came down from Town by the last train and I went to bed in the drawing-room with the dog on top of me at four in the morning and began again arguing with Crane about writing at seven o'clock breakfast. Our views on life and letters were not really divergent, but Crane would ascribe to me sets of theories and then demolish them with the manner and voice of a Bowery tough hammering an Irish scavenger. He was immensely happy.

Mrs Crane's alleged reason for making me stay till after midnight had been that Crane, coming down from a momentous interview, would need to talk. Presumably he would want to talk in such Gargantuan gusts that she and Mrs Rudy would be insufficient to sustain his assaults of language.

He certainly talked. He had been up to town to see James B. Pinker, the remarkable literary agent on whose lips hung half the young writers of that day. Pinker certainly deserves a page to himself, for without him you would never have had Conrad and poor Crane could hardly have lived. He smoothed out, too, furrows in the later paths of Henry James.

I had mysterious and obscure rows with him myself I never understood what they were about I suppose he was sensitive and I patronizing He lived in an outer suburb so as to ride to hounds He had none of the airs of the stable, but he certainly knew something about horses—which is unusual for Scotsmen At any rate he once bought for £5 a horse out of a bus yard and immediately afterwards took with it a second prize for tandem leaders at Richmond Horse Show That was no mean feat The horse would not go in harness or under the saddle and had been kicking a bus to pieces when Pinker passed the yard He liked driving tandem and it occurred to him that the animal might stand the light traces and blinkers which are all that go on a leader And so it did He gained added satisfaction from the fact that he sold the animal immediately after the show and it ran the new owner's cart against a post and threw him out, breaking his arm

There used to be a grim gleam in Mr Pinker's hard eyes, behind his benevolent spectacles, when he told that story I think the first London agent was a man called A P Watt who looked like something between a bishop and a butler As far as England was concerned, he invented the practice of syndicating articles in newspapers that circulated at sufficient distances the one from the other I remember that he sold articles on music by my father to twelve newspapers at once But he was very high and mighty to editors and the like I remember that when I edited the *English Review* I went to ask him for something by one of his clients and he was so patronizing that I still feel like a worm when I think of it He was agent only for the enormously distinguished Pinker on the other hand, was little and vivid, and had a singular accent He must have taken the cream off Mr Watt's business

I should say on the whole that an agent is of little use to the author who has any business faculties at all, but so many have not The agent's function is to be a sort of bar loafer

who hangs around finding what publisher, magazine or paper wants what. He may be of use. But few agents will handle the work of young authors, who have always been my particular preoccupation. And the agent's interests are not by any means always at one with the individual author's. He will place a highly paid author in preference to another on his list, he gets more commission. He will place an author who is indebted to him rather than one who isn't. He is then sure of getting his money back. It is not always to his interests to press dishonest or defaulting publishers to the point of definitely offending them. He has other authors that he will wish to place with that publisher.

All out, then, you had better do without an agent unless you are a very big seller. But, to his favourite clients—and they were not always the most prosperous—Pinker was all gold. I never could quite know how I felt towards him. He was so good and helpful and patient with Conrad and Crane and James and so quarrelsome to myself. But on the whole I felt kindly and I very much regretted his death, which took place in New York. I remember thinking that New York was no place to go to if it could kill anyone so hard as Pinker.

I dwell thus on him because you could have little real idea of what the literary world I am portraying for you was like unless you imagine that Scotsman as looming always somewhere in the background of lettered thoughts. I remember James, when, as he sometimes did, he consulted me as to his financial affairs, telling me that for years he had sold all the rights of his books to one individual publisher—for £200 a time. So he had long given up looking at writing as even a very thin stick. And he had had financial misfortunes and the future looked like a gloomy vista of punched discomfort. 'And then suddenly,' said Mr James, 'along came a little man called . . . Pinker.' And Pinker offered enormous prices for this, and great sums for that, and to place things here, and serialize them in the *Illustrated London News* and

syndicate them from Beersheba to Spokane . . . And he jumped about and kept his promises And all was gas and gingerbread ' . . . Pinker would allow him to build his gazebo in the garden and take apartments in Chelsea and buy 'bits' of China Similarly, he would let Conrad go to Bruges and Crane to Brede Place For always when you proposed to buy or travel or have a new mare you first interviewed the little man in spectacles at the bottom of Arundel Street. 'Arundel Street,' you would say to the hansom cabman who took you to learn your fate 'You mean Arundel Street,' he would answer contemptuously And in a quarter of an hour or so you would know whether you could have the wish of your heart or must go back to your cottage and live on potatoes and cheese for another quarter

Pinker would take quite long odds in backing you Conrad must have been many thousands of pounds in debt to him before *Chance* really brought him before the public eye. On the other hand the little man could softly and inexorably turn down anyone in whom he did not believe

On that Oxted night—for Ravensbrook is just outside Limpsfield and just inside Oxted—Crane was coming down from having seen Pinker

It had been a crucial moment in his career and I imagine that Mrs Crane had been anxious that I should stay with her and her friend simply because they could not bear themselves in the suspense Crane was then—was as you might say still—the immensely successful author of the *Red Badge* But it is the second and third book that have anxious passages And Crane had not been very successful with them as far as the public were concerned His adventure as a journalist in the Hispano-American war had not been a great success journalistically Out of his sheer imagination he had created the most wonderful, real and vivid book about war that had ever been written It was argued that, if he then saw the real war, with the shells flying and the flags wagging, and

the troops advancing at the double, he must do something super-human in the way of journalism. He didn't.

He wrote as always beautifully, and such by-products of the war as the stories in *The Open Boat* are among the masterpieces of all literature. But he had not been good at getting his despatches through, and he had not been in at the best deaths. He had endured great hardships, some dangers, some sickness, he had worn himself to a thread-paper, without gaining much success as a journalist. What was almost worse, he had acquired a thirst for the sort of thing. When the Turco-Greek war came he beat about London from office to office, like a butterfly against a window-pane. He was trying to get sent to Greece. The desire seemed to burn him up.

But at the moment of which I am speaking his trouble had been mainly financial. The Cranes had run seriously into debt at Oxted. They were at the moment almost short of food. The meal of which I had partaken with Mrs. Crane had certainly been exiguous. When Crane did arrive his arms were full of parcels containing mostly delicatessen with a bottle or two of claret. The local tradesmen had cut off supplies. In any case Ravensbrook was an unreasonably expensive establishment to run. Poor Steevie was certainly not fortunate in those who chose his English residences for him. Ravensbrook would well have suited a rich stock-broker.

What was almost worse, poor Crane's conscience and artistic imagination make him take his creditor's case against himself. Most people see dunning tradesmen as fiends. Crane saw them as starving fathers of families. He would say 'Do you suppose Simpson the butcher, will be bankrupted if I don't pay him?' Or 'Oving, the saddle-maker's children are said to be going without shoes. Damn it, I owe him £50 for harness.' So, as two of my visits—on one of which I was with difficulty admitted because I was taken for a bailiff—as, then, two of my visits coincided with

the arrival of considerable relief, he associated me with pleasant things.

He came back, nervous, distracted, loaded—and elf-like. Before he spoke to me he had to have a whispered colloquy with Mrs Crane in the doorway. They leaned one against each door-post. He had his hat tilted over his eyes. I was holding the parcels in the dark hallway. He said a low phrase. Then there were explosions of joy.

Pinker had guaranteed him £20 per thousand words. For everything he wrote! £20 per thousand is £2 per hundred, is nearly 5d per word. You just sat down and wrote anything. But it is not merely shillings and pence. It is miles travelled. You could go to Ispahan to Yokohama. You wrote for ten hours at fifteen words a minute and there were £180. And in those days pounds were pounds, not pence. You could go to Australia and back the other way for ten hours' writing! And writing without tears. Without a crease of the brow. Without anxiety at the back of the mind. He had brought a new collar for Flannel. Flannel was the unimaginable dog. Conrad had been given its brother called Sponge. It had however been rechristened Escamillo after the character in *Carmen*. How romantic Conrad was! Crane, in the doorway, drew the new collar from his pocket.

I have never seen such gladness as there was on that Oxted night. They were very simple people really. All great authors are. If you are not simple you are not observant. If you are not observant you cannot write. But you must observe simply. The first characteristic of great writing is a certain humility.

For me, Crane came nearer the other-worldly than any other human being I have encountered. He was what Trelawney made us believe Shelley to have been. But he observed the little things of life. He was the Poet.

He kept it exaggeratedly beneath the surface. Outwardly he was harsh and defiant. his small, tense figure and his

professional speech were those of the Man of Action of melodrama. He loved to suggest that he could draw his gun quicker than your brain could telegraph to your hand to approach your hip. He meant by that to show that he was not a Poet.

But he was. I will venture to say that no more poetic vision of humanity in our late Armageddon was ever written than the *Red Badge of Courage*—and that was written twenty years before our Armageddon burst upon us. And it was written about a war that ended sixty-five years ago. Yet it was amazingly vivid even in 1917. I am not at the moment writing about Literature. I am trying to reconstitute for you men that I loved long since in ages past. Still Literature will come creeping in. I wish I could read *The Open Boat*, but I have no copy and it appears to be out of print. It is astonishing that any book of Stephen Crane's should be out of print and that one should not be able to find a copy. It is lamentable!

He was remarkably glad that night at Oxted. Oxted is an unusually banal suburb of London, but the night was dark and it was hidden. In the darkness the joy shone out of him as heat glows sometimes through opaque substances. He could get away from Oxted! Crane hated his villa.

With the falling from his shoulders of that intolerable burden he desired, as Mrs. Crane had foreseen, to talk. He talked. He kept me there, listening, right through the night, until breakfast-time. He had the most amazing eyes. They were large, like a horse's. They frowned usually with the gaze of one looking very intently. But they shone astonishingly at times. When he became excited the studied New York argot disappeared, or nearly so. He then talked a rather classical English. That night he planned his glorious future.

It was not merely that he planned to travel. He planned to travel the world over, flinging coins from the purse of Fortunatus that be-spectacled and benevolent Pinker had put

into his hands But he was to render that world when he had roamed all over it He talked therefore about his technique That was unusual with him

I do not flatter myself that it was to me that he talked That night he would have talked in the same way to Conrad's dog, Escamillo I had for him the aspect of a Pre-Raphaelite or Aesthetic poet and he seemed to make me responsible for the poems of D G Rossetti and the gilded prose of Mr Richard le Gallienne He began by telling me that I could not write and never should know how to write Then he went on to tell me how writing should be done, pausing to denounce me and my family only when his mind paused for context Then he told me what he was going to do

He was going to write a great series of heroic poems in Vers Libre He wrote only one, *The Black Riders* He hated both formal metre and rhyme He had never seen a word of my poetry, but at one time he shouted at me

'You ruin ruin ruin all your work by the extra words you drag in to fill up metres and the digressions in sense you make to get in rhymes'

The dawn came up on these harangues Then as I have said, I slept on the sofa with either Soap, Flannel, or possibly Sponge on top of me I eventually went back up the long steep hill to the Chart rather sadly Actually the domestic troubles of the neighbourhood made me leave Limpsfield that day and I did not see the place again for more than twenty years Then I went to see Crane's rose It was blooming, being a monthly rose, though there was actually snow on the cropped turf between the clumps of gorse

I moved back to the Pent which I had let to an artist then of some fame His name being also Crane he had painted a bird of that species on the front door which gave on to the stockyard beyond a narrow strip of terrace and lawn He had also painted numbers on all the room-doors There were thirteen His family used to take baths on the lawn which worried and astonished the stockmen and shepherds

in the yard below. When they left there remained behind them an extraordinary number of gloves. In every drawer of the bedrooms there were old, soiled and crumpled gloves. I have remained wondering to this day what they can have been wanting with so many. Is there a *maladie de gants* as there is said to be of boots? At any rate we used them all to manure the roots of a vine that covered the front of the house. Leather is the best of all manures for vines and also for figs. Indeed if you want to plant a fig tree you should plant it with its roots in an old leather portmanteau. You will have wonderful figs.

That autumn I had a letter from Conrad asking that he might be allowed to collaborate with me in the novel about pirates that I was writing. He said that he wrote English with great difficulty because he thought his more unspoken thoughts in Polish and his carefully spoken ones in French. These last he translated into English when he wished to write. Henley had suggested that he might gain fluency if he collaborated with some good English stylist. Conrad said that Henley had said that I was the finest stylist then writing English. That cannot have been true because, as I have said, Henley later told me that he had never heard of my existence. But Conrad liked to please as much as Henley liked to knock the nonsense out of you.

Biography and History

THE SAD STORY OF DR. COLBATCH

By LYTTON STRACHEY

THE Rev Dr Colbatch could not put up with it any more. Animated by the highest motives, he felt that he must intervene. The task was arduous, odious, dangerous, his antagonist most redoubtable, but Dr Colbatch was a Doctor of Divinity, Professor of Casuistry in the University of Cambridge, a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and his duty was plain, the conduct of the Master could be tolerated no longer, Dr Bentley must go.

In the early years of the eighteenth century the life of learning was agitated, violent, and full of extremes. Everything about it was on the grand scale. Erudition was gigantic, controversies were frenzied, careers were punctuated by brutal triumphs, wild temerities, and dreadful mortifications. One sat, bent nearly double, surrounded by four circles of folios, living to edit Hesychius and confound Dr Hody, and dying at last with a stomach half-full of sand. The very names of the scholars of those days had something about them at once terrifying and preposterous: there was Graevius, there was Wolfius, there was Cruquius, there were Torrentius and Rutgersius, there was the gloomy Baron de Stosch, and there was the deplorable De Pauw. But Richard Bentley was greater than all these. Combining extraordinary knowledge and almost infinite memory with an acumen hardly to be distinguished from inspiration, and

a command of logical precision which might have been envied by mathematicians or generals in the field, he revived with his daemonic energy the whole domain of classical scholarship. The peer of the mightiest of his predecessors—of Scaliger, of Casaubon—turning, in skilful strength, the magic glass of science, he brought into focus the world's comprehension of ancient literature with a luminous exactitude of which they had never dreamed. His prowess had first declared itself in his Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris, in which he had obliterated under cartloads of erudition and ridicule the miserable Mr Boyle. He had been rewarded, when he was not yet forty, with the Mastership of Trinity, and then another side of his genius had appeared. It became evident that he was not merely a scholar, that he was a man of action and affairs, and that he intended to dominate over the magnificent foundation of Trinity with a command as absolute as that which he exercised over questions in Greek grammar. He had immediately gathered into his own hands the entire control of the College, he had manipulated the statutes, rearranged the finances, packed the Council, he had compelled the Society to rebuild and redecorate, at great expense, his own Lodge, he had brought every kind of appointment—scholarships, fellowships, livings—to depend simply upon his will. The Fellows murmured and protested in vain, their terrible tyrant treated them with scant ceremony. 'You will die in your shoes!' he shouted at one tottering Senior who had ventured to oppose him, and another fat and angry old gentleman he had named 'The College Dog'. In fact, he treated his opponents as if they had been corrupt readings in an old manuscript. At last there was open war. The leading Fellows had appealed to the Visitor of the College, the Bishop of Ely, to remove the Master, and the Master had replied by denying the Bishop's competence and declaring that the visitatorial power lay with the Crown. His subtle mind had detected an ambiguity in the Charter, the legal

position was, indeed, highly dubious, and for five years, amid indescribable animosities, he was able to hold his enemies at bay. In the meantime, he had not been idle in other directions—he had annihilated Le Clerc, who, ignorant of Greek, was rash enough to publish a Menander; he had produced a monumental edition of Horace, and he had pulverized Freethinking in the person of Anthony Collins. But his foes had pressed upon him, and eventually it had seemed that his hour was come. In 1714 he had been forced to appear before the Bishop's court, his defence had been weak, the Bishop had drawn up a judgment of deprivation. Then there had been a *coup de théâtre*. The Bishop had suddenly died before delivering judgment. All the previous proceedings lapsed, and Bentley ruled once more supreme in Trinity.

It was at this point that the Rev. Dr. Colbatch, animated by the highest motives, felt that he must intervene. Hitherto he had filled the rôle of a peacemaker, but now the outrageous proceedings of the triumphant Master—who, in the flush of victory, was beginning to expel hostile Fellows by force from the College, and had even refused to appoint Dr. Colbatch himself to the Vice-Mastership—called aloud for the resistance of every right-thinking man. And Dr. Colbatch flattered himself that he could resist to some purpose. He had devoted his life to the study of the law; he was a man of the world, he was acquainted with Lord Carteret, and he had written a book on Portugal. Accordingly, he hurried to London and interviewed great personages, who were all of them extremely sympathetic and polite, then he returned to Trinity, and, after delivering a fulminating sermon in the chapel, he bearded the Master at a College meeting, and actually had the nerve to answer him back. Just then, moreover, the tide seemed to be turning against the tyrant. Bentley, not content with the battle in his own College, had begun a campaign against the University. There was a hectic struggle, and then the

Vice-Chancellor, by an unparalleled exercise of power, deprived Bentley of his degrees the Master of Trinity College and the Regius Professor of Divinity was reduced to the status of an undergraduate. This delighted the heart of Dr Colbatch. He flew to London, where Lord Carteret, as usual, was all smiles and agreement. When, a little later, the College living of Orewell fell vacant, Dr Colbatch gave a signal proof of his power; for Bentley, after refusing to appoint him to the living, at last found himself obliged to give way. Dr Colbatch entered the rectory in triumph, was it not clear that that villain at the Lodge was a sinking man? But, whether sinking or no, the villain could still use a pen to some purpose. In a pamphlet on a proposed edition of the New Testament, Bentley took occasion to fall upon Dr Colbatch tooth and nail. The rector of Orewell was 'a casuistic Drudge', a 'plodding pupil of Escobar', 'an insect, a snarling dog, a gnawing rat, and a cabbage-head'. His intellect was as dark as his countenance, his 'eyes, muscles and shoulders were wrought up into the most solemn posture of gravity', he grinned horribly, he was probably mad, and his brother's beard was ludicrously long.

On this Dr Colbatch, chattering with rage, brought an action against the Master for libel in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor. By a cunning legal device Bentley arranged that the action should be stopped by the Court of King's Bench. Was it possible that Dr Colbatch's knowledge of the law was not impeccable? He could not believe it, and forthwith composed a pamphlet entitled *Jus Academicum*, in which the whole case, in all its bearings, was laid before the public. The language of the pamphlet was temperate, the references to Bentley were not indecently severe; but, unfortunately, in one or two passages some expressions seemed to reflect upon the competence of the Court of King's Bench. The terrible Master saw his opportunity. He moved the Court of King's Bench to take

cognizance of the *Jus Academicum* as a contempt of their jurisdiction. A cold shiver ran down Dr. Colbatch's spine. Was it conceivable? . . . But no! He had friends in London, powerful friends, who would never desert him. He rushed to Downing Street, Lord Townshend was reassuring; so was the Lord Chief Justice; and so was the Lord Chancellor. 'Here,' said Lord Carteret, waving a pen, 'is the magician's wand that will always come to the rescue of Dr Colbatch.' Surely all was well. Nevertheless, he was summoned to appear before the Court of King's Bench in order to explain his pamphlet. The judge was old and testy, he misquoted Horace—'*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non abrogat*', '*Arrogat, my lord*!' said Dr Colbatch. A little later the judge once more returned to the quotation, making the same error. '*Arrogat, my lord*!' cried Dr Colbatch for the second time. Yet once again, in the course of his summing-up, the judge pronounced the word 'abrogat', '*Arrogat, my lord*!' screamed, for the third time, Dr Colbatch. The interruption was fatal. The unhappy man was fined £50 and imprisoned for a week.

A less pertinacious spirit would have collapsed under such a dire misadventure, but Dr. Colbatch fought on. For ten years more, still animated by the highest motives, he struggled to dispossess the Master. Something was gained when yet another Bishop was appointed to the See of Ely—a Bishop who disapproved of Bentley's proceedings. With indefatigable zeal Dr Colbatch laid the case before the Bishop of London, implored the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to interfere, and petitioned the Privy Council. In 1729 the Bishop of Ely summoned Bentley to appear before him, whereupon Bentley appealed to the Crown to decide who was the Visitor of Trinity College. For a moment Dr. Colbatch dreamed of obtaining a special Act of Parliament to deal with his enemy, but even he shrank from such a desperate expedient, and, at length, in 1732, the whole case came up for decision before the House of

Lords At that very moment Bentley published his edition of *Paradise Lost*, in which all the best passages were emended and rewritten—a book remarkable as a wild aberration of genius, and no less remarkable as containing, for the first time in print, ‘tow’ring o’er the alphabet like Saul’, the great Digamma If Bentley’s object had been to impress his judges in his favour, he failed, for the House of Lords decided that the Bishop of Ely was the Visitor Once more Bentley was summoned to Ely House Dr Colbatch was on tenterhooks, the blow was about to fall; nothing could avert it now, unless—he trembled—if the Bishop were to die again But the Bishop did not die, in 1734 he pronounced judgment, he deposed Bentley

So, after thirty years, a righteous doom had fallen upon that proud and wicked man Dr Colbatch’s exultation was inordinate it was only equalled, in fact, by his subsequent horror, indignation and fury For Bentley had discovered in the Statutes of the College a clause which laid it down that, when the Master was to be removed, the necessary steps were to be taken by the Vice-Master Now the Vice-Master was Bentley’s creature, he never took the necessary steps, and Bentley never ceased, so long as he lived, to be Master of Trinity Dr Colbatch petitioned the House of Lords, he applied to the Court of King’s Bench, he beseeched Lord Carteret—all in vain His head turned, he was old, haggard, dying Tossing on his bed at Orewell, he fell into a delirium, at first his mutterings were inarticulate, but suddenly, starting up, a glare in his eye, he exclaimed, with a strange emphasis, to the utter bewilderment of the bystanders, ‘*Arrogat*, my lord!’ and immediately expired

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

By G M TREVELYAN

THE country gentlemen included many grades of wealth and of culture. At the top of the social hierarchy stood the Duke, who would in any other land have been styled a Prince, and whose manner of life outdid in magnificence the courts of allied monarchs drawing England's pay. At the lower end of the scale was the squire of £300 a year, speaking in the broadest provincial dialect, but distinguished from the yeomen, among whom he mingled almost on equal terms, by a small sporting establishment, by a coat of arms, and by the respect which all paid to him as a 'gentleman'. If once in his life he went to London on business, he was noticeable for his horse-hair perwig, his jockey belt and his old-fashioned coat without sleeves. His library, traditionally at least, consisted of the Bible, Baker's *Chronicle*, *Hudibras* and Foxe's *Martyrs* and, whether he read these works or not, his views on Puritans and Papists usually coincided with those expressed in the last two.

But in picturing to ourselves the culture of the country house of that time, we must not forget the grandees filling rural palaces with pictures from Italy, furniture from France, and editions of Italian, French or Latin authors which they not only collected but read—the men whom in the next reign Voltaire contrasted favourably with the French nobles as patrons of letters and science. There were philosopher Lords like young Shaftesbury, scholar statesmen

like Somers and Montagu, and the greatest of all antiquarian collectors, Robert Harley, who, when too much engaged as 'the nation's great support' to hunt books and manuscripts himself, still had his private agents everywhere on the look out. The Lords of the Junto and their followers and foes at Westminster and St James's prided themselves on being country gentlemen, whether self-made or to the manner born, each with his country seat to which the careworn statesman was ever anxious, at least in theory, to return. When a politician, a lawyer or a war-profiteer had made his fortune at the public expense, he put his money into land and founded a county family. The old families, who were mostly Tory, complained of the parvenu families, who were mostly Whig, but the process went on, and rural and urban society were to that extent amalgamated.

The London season was over by the first week of June, when people of fashion dispersed to their country homes or adjourned to Bath. A longer residence in town would have ruined many families who had strained a point to bring their daughters to the London marriage market, while their neighbours were fain to be contented with a county capital, or with the round of such rural visits as ladies could accomplish in the coach in summer, and on the pillion behind their brothers in the muddy lanes at Christmas. The rival claims of town and country are thus celebrated in a popular song of the period :

Good bye to the Mall,
The Park and Canal,
St James's Square
And flaunters there,
The gaming house too
Where high dice and low
Are managed by all degrees
Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a Blouze,

And beats his spouse ;
 And now in great haste
 To pay what he's lost,
 Sends home to cut down his trees
 And well fare the lad
 Improves every clod,
 That ne'er set his hand
 To Bill or to Bond
 Nor barter his flocks
 For wine or pox,
 To chouse him of half his days
 But fishing and fowling
 And hunting and bowling
 His pastime is ever and ever

The natural reply of ' the town ' was to harp on the reputation of the rustic gentry for too exclusive a devotion to drinking, hunting and shooting , and this charge, so generally made, may well be credited, provided we remember that no description will cover the whole ground Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a brilliant blue-stocking, in a letter of which the dullest part is a quotation from Tasso, condemns the squires of a certain district of Sussex as ' insensible to other pleasures ' than the bottle and the chase ' The poor female part of the family being seldom permitted a coach, their lords and masters having no occasion for such a machine, as their mornings are spent among the hounds, and their nights with as beastly companions—with what liquor they can get ' Yet in the same letter she regrets and praises the society of the squires of Northamptonshire No less real, if more rare, than boorish Squire Western was the learned country gentleman, celebrated in Somerville's sententious lines .

A rural squire, to crowds and courts unknown
 In his own cell retired, but not alone ,
 For round him view each Greek and Roman sage,
 Polite companions of his riper age.

Nevertheless the impression left by turning over many hundreds of letters of the better-to-do gentry of the reign of Anne, is neither that of country scholar nor of country bumpkin. We read the actual thoughts of squires, anxious about their account books, their daughters' marriages and their sons' debts and professions attending to their own estates, and to the county business on the bench of magistrates, as well as to their hounds and horses, devoted to their gardens and their ponds a little more than to their books, living, as we should expect, a wholesome and useful life, half public, half private, wholly leisured, natural and dignified. Many of the better-to-do gentry, as their letters and diaries show, were getting several thousands a year from their estates.

The expenditure required of a country gentleman, rich or poor, was in one respect very small. It was not then considered obligatory that his sons should be sent at great cost to exclusively patrician schools. At the nearest local grammar school, the squire's children sat beside those sons of yeomen and shopkeepers who had been selected for a clerical career, otherwise the young gentlemen were taught at home by a neighbouring parson, or in wealthier families by the private chaplain. Where a tutor was specially employed, he was often a Huguenot refugee, for the land was full of educated men of this type, welcomed by careful parents for their French, and doubly welcome in Whig families for their sufferings and their principles. Eton, Winchester and Westminster were indeed patronized by many but not by most of the aristocracy. And even at Westminster there could be found at the end of Anne's reign 'houses at which boys pay but £20 a year for boarding, and the schooling but five or six guineas'. It was only in the reign of George I that Harrow began to rise into the rank of the fashionable schools.

It followed that, whereas a gentleman of moderate means in our day often thinks himself obliged to spend a sixth

part of his income on the schooling of one boy, he could in those days be satisfied to spend a hundredth. Thus Squire Molesworth, at a time when he was drawing a rental of just under £2,000, paid £20 a year for each of his sons—including board, instruction, clothes and all charges. His heavy parental liabilities only began when the two lads left school, and the younger went into the army. Then indeed 'Dick must be furnished with a hundred pounds or he cannot stir a step. He has both horses, clothes and equipage to buy'. As 'he was not in the list of officers slain in the late glorious battle of Blenheim', which would have been a sad economy, nor yet 'in any of the desperate attacks on Lille', Dick continued for many years to be an increasing source of expenditure and pride to his Yorkshire home. The elder, Jack, had chosen diplomacy, a no less costly method of serving the State. In 1710 the father writes 'I verily believe these two sons of ours have spent between them £10,000 within the last seven or eight years', they and the daughters 'are all money-bound. It is well they have a good father's house to tarry in'. Five years later Dick's zeal for his regiment caused him to 'lay out £600 above what was allowed him, so well he loves the service'.

Smaller squires paid equally little for their son's schooling, and then prenticed them to cheaper trades than the army or diplomatic service. In the plays of Congreve and Farquhar the younger son of the manor may still expect to be 'bound prentice', perhaps 'to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury', and Steele declares that 'younger brothers are generally condemned to shops, colleges and inns of court'. On these terms the gentry could afford to have large families, and although a great proportion of their children died young, they kept England supplied with a constant stream of high-spirited young men, who led her along the forward path at home and overseas. For the 'younger sons' were willing, as the cadets of the continental nobility were not, to mingle in the common avocations of mankind and not to

'stand upon their gentry'. The fact that the younger son went out to make his fortune in the army or at the bar, in industry or in commerce, was one of the general causes favouring the Whigs and their alliance with those interests, as against the desire of the High Tories to keep the landed gentry an exclusive as well as a dominant class. Dominant it remained for another century, but only on condition of opening its doors wide to newcomers, and fostering in a hundred different ways close alliance with interests other than agriculture, in scenes far remote from the manor house and the village church. The country gentlemen ruled Eighteenth-Century England, but they ruled it largely in the interests of commerce and empire.

It is indeed one of the curiosities of English life from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century that, although the landed gentry looked down on the mercantile class as a lower order of society, many of the landed families had not only acquired their estates by money made in trade, but continued from generation to generation to invest in mercantile and financial adventures of every kind. The House of Russell, one of the main pillars of the Whig landed aristocracy, had risen and thriven not more by acquisition of monastic acres than by judicious investment in trading concerns throughout the Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart periods. In the reigns of William and Anne, Sir William Blackett, the leading merchant and mineowner of Tyneside, sometimes member for Newcastle in the Whig interest, became also a landed proprietor in the heart of rural Northumberland, where he had bought the estate of the needy Jacobite, Sir John Fenwick. The Blacketts of the next generation became Tories under the influence of 'Osbaldestone' rural society, but they remained mercantile as well as landed magnates, and put into agricultural improvement much of the wealth they acquired on Tyneside. These cases are typical of countless other instances. The close personal connexion between the landed and trading interests

gave stability and unity to the social fabric in England, which was lacking to the *ancien régime* in France, with its sharp distinction of interest between *noblesse* and *bourgeoisie*.

The common schooling of the upper and middle class was criticized, even in those days, for its too rigidly classical curriculum. It was even declared by some that 'a girl which is educated at home with her mother is wiser at twelve than a boy of sixteen' who knows only Latin. Yet the second classical language was so ill taught at school and college that the excellent Latinists of Christ Church had not enough Greek to be aware that Bentley had proved them dunces over the Letters of Phalaris. It was only in the Nineteenth Century that the typical English scholar was equally at home with Aristophanes and with Horace.

It would be a mistake to suppose that nothing was anywhere taught but classics, there was considerable variety in the type of school patronized by gentlemen. Thus Robert Pitt, father of a mighty son, writes in 1704 to his own scarcely less formidable father, Governor Pitt of Madras:

My two brothers are at Mr Meure's Academy, near Soho Square, esteemed the best in England. They learn Latin, French and accounts, fencing, dancing, and drawing. I think of settling them in Holland for their better education next summer: and should my wife's father-in-law, Lt-Gen Stewart, accompany the Duke of Marlborough, of placing them under his care to see a campaign.

Among the critics of our educational methods were the wise Locke and the good-natured Steele, who both urged that perpetual flogging was not the best method of imparting knowledge and maintaining discipline. Upper-class education was admitted on all hands to need reform, yet nothing was done to reform it. Swift, for all his hatred of the Scots, agreed for once with Burnet that the lairds gave their sons more sound book-learning than the wealthier and idler English.

Nevertheless, the Eighteenth Century, in spite of its educational defects, produced a larger proportion of remarkable and original men from among those who passed through its schools than our highly educated and over-regulated age is able to do. And in spite of cruel flogging by 'those licensed tyrants the schoolmasters' and cruel bullying by the unlicensed tyranny of ill-disciplined schoolfellows, there was also much happiness in boyhood, that still had leisure and still spent it in the free range of the countryside. Nor was severity universal. A young lord, newly arrived at Eton, writes home - 'I think Eton very easy scholl. I am shure one cannot offend without they be meare rakes indeed.'

Women's education was sadly to seek. Among the lower classes it was perhaps not much worse than men's, but the daughters of the well-to-do had admittedly less education than their brothers. It was before the days of 'ladies' academies', and though there were 'boarding schools' for girls, they were few and indifferent. Most ladies learnt from their mothers to read, write, sew and manage the household. We hear of no fair Grecians, like Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth in days of old. But a few ladies could read the Italian poets and were therefore held in some awe by their swains. And at least two women could meet Swift on terms of something like intellectual equality. Yet it was he who lamented 'that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought up to read her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it'. The want of education in the sex was discussed as an admitted fact, one side defending it as necessary in order to keep wives in due subjection, while the other side, led by the chief literary men of the day, ascribed the frivolity and the gambling habits of ladies of fashion to an upbringing which debarred them from more serious interests.

Nevertheless, country-house letters of the period show us wives and daughters writing as intelligent advisers of their

menfolk. Such correspondents were something better than brainless playthings or household drudges. A whole class of the literature of the day, from the *Spectator* downwards, was written as much for ladies as for their fathers and brothers. And it was observed that the ladies took a part, often too eager, in the Whig and Tory feuds that divided town and country. As to rural pastimes, the prototype of Diana Vernon is to be found in Farquhar's Belinda, who tells her friend, 'I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn and all the evening after a fiddle. In short I can do everything with my father but drink and shoot flying.'

In the upper and middle classes, husbands were found for girls on the principle of frank barter. 'As to Cloky,' writes her father, squire Molesworth, 'we shall not have money enough to dispose of her here,' so she must be sent to Ireland to seek there a husband at a cheaper rate. Another squire, named Guise, who is in search of a wife for himself, writes, 'Lady Diana sent a very venerable person to view my estates, and was well satisfied with the report and I think did sincerely desire I might have her daughter.' But the daughter had other views, so Guise found consolation elsewhere.

Being on the Bench at the quarter Session, a Justice of the Peace took me aside and asked me whether I would marry a woman worth twenty-thousand pounds. The lady I had seen but never spoke to, and upon the whole readily accepted his offer.

A Comet of Horse writes with equal frankness

Not expecting anything this campaign I had taken thoughts another way, to try my fortune under Venus, and accordingly about a fortnight ago was (by some friends) proposed to a lady of very good fortune, but how I shall speed (farther than a favourable interview already) I can't tell.

Since almost everyone regarded it as a grave misfortune to remain single, women did not account it a universal

grievance that their hands should often be disposed of by others. They were no doubt usually consulted as to their destiny, much or little according to character and circumstance. Swift, in writing 'to a very young lady on her marriage', speaks of 'the person your father and mother have chosen for your husband', and almost immediately adds, 'yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of the ridiculous passion' of romantic love. And this description would probably have covered a vast proportion of the 'arranged' marriages of the day. But since the 'ridiculous passion' sometimes asserted itself, runaway matches were common enough, like that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Divorce was almost unknown. It was obtainable only through Church Courts, and then only if followed by a special Act of Parliament, not more than six divorces were thus legalized during the twelve years of Queen Anne.

Both sexes gambled freely, the fine ladies and gentlemen even more than the country squires. In London, Bath and Tunbridge Wells the gaming-table was the central point of interest, while in the manor house it was of less account than the stables and the kennel. The expenses of gambling and sport, as well as a noble zeal for building and for laying out gardens and planting avenues, burdened estates with mortgages which proved a heavy clog on agricultural improvement and domestic happiness. Immense sums of money changed hands over cards and dice. As the pious Robert Nelson wrote to his young cousin, 'gaming hath brought footmen into coaches, and has made them walk on foot that before kept them'. Since politics were no less the rage than gambling, there were packs of political playing cards, Whig, Tory, and patriotic—'Orange cards containing the happy Revolution in pictures', Sacheverell cards, and 'Queen Anne cards', recalling the military and naval glories of her reign. The Dissenters maintained a Puritan disapproval of gambling and even of card-playing as such.

In 1711 the Assembly of the General Baptists passed a resolution :

That playing at cards and earnestly contending for the same in Christian families is unbecoming and unlawful for such as profess the Gospel of Christ and unfits them for Church Communion

Drunkenness was the acknowledged national vice of Englishmen of all classes, though women were seldom accused of it. A movement for total abstinence was out of the question in days before tea and coffee could be obtained in every home. But tracts in favour of temperate drinking were freely circulated by religious bodies and anxious patriots, setting forth with attractive detail the various and dreadful fates of drunkards, some killed attempting to ride home, others seized by a fit while blaspheming, all gone straight to Hell. Among the common folk, ale still reigned supreme, but ale had a new rival worse than itself in the deadly attraction of bad spirits. The acme of cheap spirit-drinking was not indeed reached till the reign of George II, in the days of Hogarth's 'gin-lane', but things were already moving in that direction.

Meanwhile the upper class got drunk sometimes on ale and sometimes on wine. It is hard to say whether the men of fashion or the rural gentry were the worst soakers. But perhaps the outdoor exercise taken by the fox-hunting, sporting and farming squire made him better able to absorb his nightly quantum of October, than the gamester and politician of St James's Square to escape the ill effects of endless Whig toasts in port and Tory toasts in French claret and champagne. Magistrates often appeared on the bench heated with wine. The leading physician in the capital, Dr Radcliffe, whose highly rewarded skill and generous disposition stand commemorated in one of the noblest buildings of his old University was once sent for at an unseasonable moment to attend the Princess Anne. He blurted out over the bottle that 'Her Highness's distemper was

nothing but the vapours' This piece of truthfulness in wine, being reported at Court, had, his biographer tells us, the effect of permanently consigning the future queen and her family to other and less skilful hands—possibly with important consequences to the history of England

Tobacco was still taken in long churchwarden pipes A 'smoking parlour' was set aside in some country houses But Beau Nash forbade smoking in the public rooms at Bath, as disrespectful and unpleasant to ladies Among the common people of the south-western counties, men, women and even children smoked pipes of an evening When in 1707 the Bill for the Security of the Church of England was passing through Parliament, Dr Bull, the High Church Bishop of St David's, being suspicious of the Whig proclivities of some of the Bench, kept watch 'sitting in the lobby of the House of Lords, all the while smoking his pipe' Swift describes how his brother parsons pull his character to pieces at their favourite resort at Truby's coffee house,

And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God

The taking of snuff became general in England during the first year of Anne's reign, as a result of the immense quantities thrown on to the London market after the capture of Spanish ships loaded with snuff in the action of Vigo Bay.

The drinking and gambling habits of society, and the fierceness of political faction, led to frequent duels of which many ended ill The survivor, if he could show there had been fair play, was usually convicted of manslaughter and imprisoned for a short term, or haply 'pleaded his clergy', was 'touched with cold iron' and so set free It was the privilege of all gentlemen, from a Duke downwards, to wear swords and to murder one another by rule As soon as men were well drunk of an evening they were apt to quarrel, and as soon as they quarrelled they were apt to draw

their swords in the room, and, if manslaughter was not committed on the spot, to adjourn to the garden behind the house, and fight it out that night with hot blood and unsteady hand. If the company were not wearing swords, the quarrel might be slept upon and forgotten in the sober morning. Fortunately, the wearing of swords, though usual in London, was not common in the depth of the country, among the uncourtly but good-natured rural squires, whose bark was often worse than their bite. And even at Bath, Beau Nash employed his despotic power to compel the fashionable world to lay aside their swords when they entered his domain. In this he did as good service to the community as in teaching the country bumpkins to discard their top boots and coarse language at the evening assemblies and dances. During his long supremacy as Master of the Ceremonies, nearly covering the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges, Nash did perhaps as much as any other person even in the Eighteenth Century to civilize the neglected manners of mankind.

London and the county capitals were the commonest scenes of such duels as Thackeray has immortalized in *Esmond*. Even more often than Leicester Fields, the open country behind Montagu House, the site of the present British Museum, was selected by duellists as being at that time on the edge of the new London. It was no unusual thing for the town to be disturbed by such a double event as the following.

Ned Goodyear has killed Beau Fielding as is reported, and made his escape. The quarrel began at the Play House in Drury Lane. The same night a captain here did the like friendly office for young Fullwood, so that there will be two Warwickshire beaus the fewer. The captain is in Newgate.

Fox-hunting, like so many other English institutions under Queen Anne, was beginning to assume features recognizably modern. In Tudor times the fox had been

dug out of its earth, bagged, and baited like a badger, or had been massacred as vermin by the peasantry. For in those days the stag was still the beast of the chase *par excellence*. But the disorders of the Civil War had broken open deer-parks and destroyed deer to such an extent that at the Restoration the fox was perforce substituted in many districts. In the first decades of the Eighteenth Century there were no county or regional packs supported by public subscription, but private gentlemen kept their own packs and allowed their nearer neighbours to follow. The idea that gentlemen should hunt 'the stag and the fox with their own hounds and among their own woods', was only gradually yielding to the chase across the country at large, irrespective of ownership. Already there were fox-hunting songs, with the chorus -

Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow,
Will sometimes follow the Fox's train

The year after Queen Anne died, Addison poked fun at the High Tory Squires under the title of 'foxhunters', taking that sport as the badge of all their tribe. But scarcely less characteristic, though more old-fashioned, was the chase of the hare, with a 'tunable chiding' of hounds, the gentlemen on horseback, and the common folk running, headed by the huntsman with his pole.

Country pleasures were thus epitomized in a popular song of the time

The Country Squire loves running
A pack of well-mouth'd hounds,
Another fancies gunning
For wild ducks in his grounds:
This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, that bowls,
No greater pleasure wishing,
But Tom that tells what sport excels
Gives all the praise to fishing

Ever since the Restoration, foreigners had admired the English bowling greens 'which are so even, that they bowl upon them as easily as on a great billiard table And as this is the usual diversion of gentlemen in the country, they have thick rowling-stones to keep the green smooth' In Anne's reign cricket was just beginning to take its place among village sports alongside of the far more ancient football Kent was the county most renowned at the new game, and 'among the Kentish men, the men of Dartford lay claim to the greatest excellence'

At cockfighting all classes yelled their bets round the little amphitheatre. If a foreigner should by chance come into these cockpits, we are told, 'he would certainly conclude the assembly to be all mad, by their continued outcries of Six to Four, Five to One, repeated with great earnestness, every Spectator taking part with his favourite cock, as if it were a party cause' Horse-racing presented much the same spectacle in a more open arena Race meetings were attended by spectators who were most of them on horse-back They were still regional or county gatherings The only national meeting was at Newmarket There indeed 'the vast company of horsemen on the plain at a match contains all mankind on equal footing from the Duke to the country peasant Nobody wears swords, but are clothed suitable to the humour and design of the place for horse sports Everybody strives to out-jockey (as the phrase is) one another' The Queen, out of the secret service money, gave plates to be run for at Newmarket, and at Datchet near Windsor Arab and Barb blood was being introduced by Godolphin and other noble patrons of the sport—a change fraught with great future consequence to the character and appearance of horse-flesh in England

Sword-fighting was a coarse popular spectacle, not far removed from the gladiatorial shows of old Rome, save that the wounds inflicted on the platform at an English fair, though disabling, were not intended to be fatal Hardly

more alluring to our modern sensibilities is the notice issued in April 1702 'to all gentlemen, gamesters and others' of a fight between a 'bald-faced dog of Middlesex against a fallow dog of Cow Cross, being a general day of sport by all the old gamesters, and a great mad bull to be turned loose in the game-place with fireworks all over him and two or three cats tied to his tail and dogs after them' Fighting of parties of men with sticks or fists, and 'women fighting in their shifts' were also popular spectacles. Foreigners waiting for the boat at Harwich saw with amazement two sailors, who had been promised a crown by 'two lords', strip to their waists and fight with fists till their faces ran with blood, and 'whenever they wanted to give over the spectators tossed them a shilling to keep them to it. This is a common pastime of passengers' The famous diplomat, Richard Hill, accustomed to less exuberant street scenes abroad, described his countrymen as 'a drunken Gothic nation that loves noise and bloody noses'

There was a good side to pugilism. The English common folk below the rank of gentlemen-duellists who must return a stab for a blow, thought shame to revenge their injuries by murder. The quarrels of the common people were settled in England by the fist, not the knife. A story was current of an English sailor in a Chinese port, who, when rudely shoved out of the way by a Mandarin's train in the street, challenged the Mandarin and his officials to box, the story ends with 'Jack' winning the amused favour of the Mandarin himself by knocking down his champion, a giant Tartar, in fair fight. Such already was the Englishman's idea of himself, and in particular of Jack ashore in foreign parts.

When we try to imagine how the generality of our ancestors disported themselves out-of-doors, we must remember that most of them lived widely scattered and in the country. For most men the village was the largest unit of their intercourse. A village cricket match, or hurly-

burly at football, or races on the green were very different from the 'organized athletics' of the modern arena. But most people took their 'exercise' as a matter of course in doing their work, in tilling the soil, or in walking or riding to and from their daily task. Among the upper and middle class riding was the commonest act of the day.

The most usual 'sports' that lay at many men's doors, were taking fish, and shooting and snaring birds of all kinds, particularly but not exclusively 'game'. England was alive with game and with many birds now rare or extinct, from the Great Bustard of the Downs and the eagle of Westmorland and Wales down to many smaller friends that survived to be recorded by Bewick. Much of the land was strictly preserved and religiously shot by the owners, but great tracks were open to any man who could procure a net or gun or who was clever at setting a spring. In Anne's reign, and indeed for the rest of the century, as Gunning records, the fens and uncultivated lands around Cambridge were the common playground of the undergraduate, whence they returned with pheasants, partridges, duck, snipe, bitterns and ruffs, with none to say them nay. And in every part of the lovely island the uncared-for heaths, coppices and marshes, destined ere long to be drained, ploughed up or built over, were still the cover for abundance of wild life of every kind. The Englishman had only to move a few yards from his door and he was in contact with nature at its best and his love of field-sports led him to wander wide.

PRE-WAR SPEEDING UP

By ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

THE death of Edward VII, on May 6th, 1910, was felt as a personal bereavement by millions of his subjects. They had taken to their hearts the genial man of the world, whose personality most of them had built up in their own minds out of material supplied by the newspapers and the thousand tongues of rumour. But Edward VII had come to stand for something more than the universal uncle he had been on his accession, he had to some extent taken his mother's place as a guarantee of safety, a royal mascot—nothing, it was felt, could go disastrously wrong while he was on the Throne. Throughout the Empire he was known as the Peacemaker, though in Germany he was believed to be a potentate of the utmost cunning and unscrupulousness, engaged in drawing a ring of hostile steel round the devoted Fatherland.

And yet his passing could not be said, like his mother's, to mark the end of an epoch. Edward was dead, but the Edwardian Age had four more years to run, and to run at ever-increasing speed, as if the last brake had now been removed from a car that was already speeding downhill. During these hectic and hustling years, the Throne was no longer occupied by a Sovereign whom even the Press could convert into a representative figure of his age. It is true that the unobtrusive sailor who succeeded his father as George V had, as befitted his profession, travelled widely and taken an active interest in the development of the Empire, but it could not be said of him that he had the essentially modern *flair*

for publicity. Edward VII, if he had not been a King, might have become hardly less famous as an actor, so innate was his capacity for getting the spirit of his part across the foot-lights. But the personality of George V grew into the affections of his subjects by a process more gradual, and, as it were, in spite of himself. An unsleeping consciousness of the responsibility attaching to his position—an inheritance perhaps from his Coburg grandfather—fostered a devotion to duty that was far from reflecting the easy spirit of the age, and on some occasions was an actual handicap to its possessor, as when, during the War, His Majesty set his example against the cult of pleasure as usual, rife in fashionable circles. With what wisdom and tact his duty was performed, and in how much less equivocal a sense than his father George V merited the title of Peacemaker, only time could disclose. It was through his initiative that the attempt was made to settle, by rational agreement, the quarrel between the two Houses, and during the Home Rule controversy, though in a position of extraordinary difficulty, he contrived to work tirelessly for peace without once taking sides with either of the contending factions or overstepping the limits of his authority as constitutional monarch.

One of his first acts displayed a courage not only moral but physical, for he, first of all English Sovereigns, went out to India to assume, with due Oriental pomp and magnificence, his authority of King Emperor, the occasion being used to transfer the capital from Job Charnock's comparatively modern settlement at the mouth of the Hoogly to the sacred and historic city of Delhi—and at the same time to repeal a partition of the Bengal Province by Lord Curzon, which, though defensible as an attempt to see fair play between Mohammedan and Hindu, was resented by the Hindu community as an intolerable grievance.

The term 'Georgian' was, indeed, applied to a number of mostly young poets, whose work, collected in an anthology, was supposed to be peculiarly representative of the

new age, but if the term could have been associated with any monarch, it was certainly not George V, though it may have recalled faint memories of the Prince Regent Nobody, on the other hand, could have used the terms Edwardian and Victorian, without prime reference to the Sovereigns in question. It might have been said of George V that his was an essentially Victorian figure, and that the spirit of the great Queen would have rejoiced to know that a successor so entirely after her own heart now occupied her throne

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We must picture George V, then, during these first four years of his reign, as standing aloof, with a certain quiet dignity, from their increasing turmoils. On every side the pace of life was being speeded up, even in the most literal sense. By the end of Edward VII's reign, the motor-car was plainly effecting the conquest of the highway. The private car was now part of every rich man's establishment, though as yet its price made it a prohibitive luxury for all but the minority of the middle class. But for the adventurous youth of villadom, there was the motor-cycle, a fearsome contrivance with a note reminiscent of a machine-gun barrage and prolific of smashes. Already the dignified broughams and victorias, the natty traps and dog-carts were beginning to disappear from the roads, and grooms and coachmen—unless they could turn their hands to the service of the internal-combustion engine—were finding it more and more difficult to get a living. A new type of servant had sprung into being, a man not in livery but in uniform, no longer racy of the stable but knowledgeable of the machine. In the London streets, the horse-bus drivers, a last link with the old coaching days, were ousted by silent mechanics, who no longer chatted with two or three favoured passengers, but sat in strained attention at their wheels, out of earshot. Another London institution that was being swept into limbo was the hansom cab, a somewhat alarming conveyance,

whose horses seemed to be perpetually slipping down on the wooden pavements and whose drivers were apt to entertain notions on the subject of fares which they would expound with no lack of candour. But the new taxi-driver had not only his engine driven but his fare fixed by machinery, and even his reaction against the amount of his gratuity had something about it a trifle mechanical.

A passion for breaking records was a natural accompaniment of the motor age. The new type of popular hero was he who, despising life, could succeed in propelling some kind of machine faster than anybody else had done. A law had been passed restricting the speed of motors to 20 miles an hour, but nobody, not even the magistrate on his way to fine his fellow-motorists, dreamed of obeying it, and it had the effect of enabling the local authorities to levy ransom, as arbitrary as that extorted by brigands, from any motorists who might chance to pass through their police traps. The law was thus brought into hatred, ridicule and contempt, motorists soon acquired the habit of becoming a law unto themselves, and chancing the risk of a fine as of a misfortune equally liable to fall on the just and the unjust. Cars were openly advertised to go at three or four times the speed limit, and owners saw that they got their money's worth. Motor racing was a sport soon imported from the Continent—the Brooklands track was opened in 1907—and the strong spice of danger traditionally welcome to the Englishman contributed in no small degree to its popularity as a spectacle.

The roads, which had gone to sleep since the coming of the railway, had reawoken to crowded activity. Horseless carriages now dashed along them at speeds that rivalled those of express trains, and the rail-less truck had begun to make its appearance. The brief heyday of the bicycle, as a sport and a luxury, was past, though on Sundays there might still be seen occasional bunches of young men, and even maidens, pounding and sweating along, crouched over their handle-bars. But the joy of speed was no more for the cyclist when

he was liable to be continually splashed and dusted, and occasionally killed, by cars that rushed past ~~horking~~ ^{honking} him indignantly gutterwards. The push-bike was declining to an utilitarian conveyance, much employed by workmen in getting to and from their jobs.

The road system was compelled to adapt itself to a volume and speed of traffic for which it had never been intended. Its powers of adaptation were naturally limited. The thing most easily transformed was the surface, and during the early years of the century the alternate dustiness and greasiness of the main highways had been to a large extent mitigated by the practice of tar-spraying. But to widen and straighten the roads, to eliminate the murderous blind corners, and to soften precipitous gradients, was a task that had only just begun to be tinkered at in pre-War days. The situation was worst of all in the towns, where not only was any comprehensive scheme of street widening usually out of the question, but where the congestion and danger were all too frequently enhanced by the short-sighted zeal of municipal authorities in laying down tramlines.

It was not only the road system that was in need of re-adjustment, but the nervous system of those who used and dwelt by the roads. Already, before the coming of the motor-car, the conditions of modern civilization had put an ever-increasing strain on human powers of adaptation. But now the barrage of stimuli was intensified to drum-fire. The noises incidental to the conversion of roads into speedways called for a corresponding tightening up of the nerves, and the pedestrian, especially in the towns, who wished to preserve life and limb, was compelled to keep his attention continually on the stretch, to practise himself in continual estimates of the speed of fast-approaching vehicles, and to scuttle or dodge for his life as often as he ventured off the pavement.

By the beginning of the new reign, an even swifter mode of transit, and one of far more alarming potentialities, had

come into use. Ever since the days of Minoan Crete, the lord of creation had been inclined to chafe at his inferiority to the meanest cabbage white or house-sparrow in the matter of flight. Up to the end of the nineteenth century, nothing practical had come of it, beyond the ability to drift precariously about in the cars of balloons. But in more than the literal sense it might have been said that flying was in the air. One of the commonest forms of book about the future concerned the man who had worked out the plans of a completely efficient airship, and thereby achieved power to impose his own terms, or those of the secret society he happened to patronize, on the rest of the species. Meanwhile, numbers of inventors were working out the design of flying machines that never quite succeeded in flying. Even advanced thinkers were inclined to be doubtful whether anything more than an ingenious toy was likely to be the final product of these activities, and there were still pious folk to deplore the presumption of those who invited the wrath of the Lord by improving upon His plan of creation.

It was the success of the brothers Wright, in 1903, that at last made it clear to the world that the age of flying had actually dawned, and after that progress was astonishingly rapid. So implicit was the faith in any sort of mechanical improvement, that nothing but delighted applause was excited, in 1909, by what might well have been counted for one of the most ominous events in British history. For on the 25th of July Britain ceased to be an island, in the sense of land unapproachable save by water. A Frenchman, M. Bleriot, undeterred by failure of a compatriot a few days previously, succeeded in piloting his monoplane across the Channel and landing in a field near Dover. Henceforth Britannia might lord it as she would over the waves—her iron walls were no protection against an enemy who could fly over them.

The effect upon civilization of transferring war to a third dimension was hardly guessed at the time, and the breaking

of the peace mercifully came too soon for it to be more than dimly foreshadowed even during the four terrible years that ensued. But already it was becoming evident that the aeroplane and airship did not exhaust the possibilities. If iron walls could be flown over for the purpose of laying waste cities, they could be dived under with equally deadly effect against the commerce that kept these cities alive. No less an authority than Admiral Percy Scott, known to be one of the most scientific officers in the navy, was making civilian flesh creep by proclaiming the helplessness of a surface navy against the submarine. Like most enthusiasts for a new invention, the Admiral was inclined, if not to overrate its potentialities, at least to antedate them, though in the event the submarine just, but only just, failed to bring England to her knees.

The most spectacular feature of these early years of George V's reign was undoubtedly the conquest of the air. In an incredibly short time after Bleriot's feat, the sight and sound of an aeroplane had become familiar to dwellers on the route from Croydon to the Continent. Records for speed, height, and distance were continually being surpassed. Stunt flying began to be practised, and the loop was successfully looped. With construction still in the experimental stage, the life of a leading airman was held on the most precarious tenure, but the number of prominent casualties only increased the thrills of this new chase after speed. It is no wonder that Alfred Harmsworth, whom even elevation to the Baronage could not cure of his passion of being ahead of the times, made it his special business to expedite the development of aeronautics with all the resources of his press.

The cult of the thrill followed inevitably from this universal speeding up, and answered to the need for some stimulus violent enough to impress itself upon nerves dulled by the bombardment of lesser stimuli. It was not likely that a nice discrimination would be fostered under such conditions. Crude stimuli tend to provoke reactions proportion-

ately crude. A sensational age is likely to be also one of mafficking, of crazes, of panics, and all forms of emotional incontinence.

In every department of life, in politics and journalism, in art and the employment of leisure, the evidences of this tendency are overwhelming and world-wide during the years immediately preceding the War. It was not by chance that mechanical invention was giving birth to a new form of entertainment that was destined to exercise a profound effect on the popular mentality. This was the moving picture, a hueless dumb-show whose cheapness and popularity led to its being turned, by mass production, to what can only be described as the basest uses.

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The nearest approach to art on the screen was in a few avowedly comic films. Not a little first-class clowning can be accomplished by means of expression and gesture. One enormously successful performer in this vein, Mr. Charles Chaplin, might fairly have claimed to be the Grimaldi of the twentieth century, and to have brought the time-honoured clown, and his predecessor the fool, up to date as the *ingénu* in a bowler. But the comic spirit, as Meredith conceived of it, could find no harbourage on the movie screen, for irony or satire without words is not easily compassed. And the ordinary film comic without a Chaplin, a Max Mundener, or a John Bunny, was the crudest imaginable kind of knock-about—in these pre-War days perhaps nine out of ten must have relied for their humour on some form of chase, in which the pursuers, for some reason of technique, would invariably halt at a corner, crouch, gesticulate, and resume motion with one simultaneous jerk forward.

The advantages of the film for educational purposes, for revealing the marvels of science, and for displaying to those who must needs stay at home the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, were seldom exploited, and then only

in the most perfunctory way. It was soon discovered that this was not the sort of thing the public wanted, while boys and girls, who did not pay for their own education, created no effective demand for the enlivening of their curriculum, though a well-stimulated juvenile demand for thrills, out of school hours, might have its effect in increasing the supply of criminal, suggestive, or merely inane pabulum to these little ones.

It is characteristic of the film drama that to none of its products was there hope of more than a passing notoriety. None even of the stars who made fortunes, and whose worshippers were numbered by the million, could preserve their creations from the scrap-heap. They ran their few months' course, harvested their profit, and gave place to later novelties. Revivals were practically unknown. The public interested themselves in performers, but the personality of the dramatist meant as little to them as that of the man who operated the camera. Often there was no dramatist at all, but merely an expert whose business it was to take some novel or stage play and, by depriving it of words and thought, to adapt it for the screen in the form of pure action.

As a mind-forming influence it would be hard to overrate the importance of the cinema. By the time George V ascended the throne, the habit of going to the pictures was already on its way to becoming universal. Children scrounged the uttermost penny out of their parents for admission to the cheapest seats, young women expected, as a matter of right, to be escorted thither by their suitors, tired housewives snatched a weekly or bi-weekly oblivion of the job that never was done, workers of all kinds found an escape from the monotony of their daily grind, on the prairies of a wilder West than ever cow-boy knew, or in the knight-errantry of delivering the only girl in the world from the Cave of Dread, or the path of the approaching express.

The function of the pictures was similar in kind, though more telling by reason of their being directly impressed on

the senses, to that of the mass-produced journalism that had followed a universal literacy. They had the fascination, and something of the effect on the mind, of a new drug. They afforded a cheap escape from the reality of a mechanized civilization, to which human mentality had only superficially adapted itself. Somewhere, in the depths of his being, the poor little street-bred person knew that he or she was bored, and perhaps humiliated. That was why, in the nineties, he had waved his paper flag and taken to himself an empire, and why she had dreamed of a world peopled by glorious aristocrats, whose pleasures one could share in daydreams. Man was a caged animal, fed and cared for to the utmost capacity of science, but pacing feverishly behind his bars and dreaming of open spaces he had never seen. And here in the picture-house was a means of escape more congenial to refined sensibilities than that of the gin palace or opium den.

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On every side, and in every class of society, might have been witnessed this same wild cult of the thrill. Its manifestations were all-pervading, from the apotheosis of sport that made Saturday afternoon an orgy of excitement for crowds sometimes topping the hundred thousand, to the well-advertised extravagances whereby the members of a Society, now frankly resigned to plutocratic standards, strove to keep the boredom of their leisure from becoming intolerable. The master thrill-seeker of the time was surely the young baronet who, in order to liven up an evening party of both sexes, jumped, in his clothes, off a boat into the Thames and was drowned.

That was one of many episodes of the time that seem, in retrospect, to have a strangely symbolic import, as if there was a consciousness abroad that the pace of life was too killing to last, and that those who wanted to enjoy the fruits of civilization must do so in haste, before they turned to ashes. It was a psychologist of genius who thought of

adding to the thrills provided by London's stucco elysia, one that consisted in smashing, with missiles provided for the purpose, as much as possible of the cheap china arranged on a dresser. The violent destruction of something that appeared useful—and would doubtless have been useful to many a poor housewife—was a luxury worth parting with countless sixpences to obtain. The time was not far distant when it would be possible to have one's bellyful of smashing, and being smashed, with missiles of a different nature.

It was in the early spring of 1912 that the crowning product of mechanical civilization, the vast ship aptly named *Titanic*, left Southampton on her maiden voyage for New York. She was not only furnished with every luxury that science could provide and money could buy, but she was actually proclaimed to be unsinkable. There were millions galore among her passengers, as well as that pioneer of modern journalism, and devout worshipper of everything titanic and record-breaking, Mr W T Stead. She was safe, safe as the civilization that had produced her, so safe that nobody on board even thought in terms of safety, still less realized that, rather than brook a single hour's delay, the Captain had felt it his duty to rush her blindly in the dark through a sea infested with icebergs. One of these ripped her open as easily as if her thin plates had been paper, and so gently that her passengers only knew that the throbbing of the engines had ceased and the unsinkable ship lay clamy at rest on a glassy sea. Not long afterwards it began to dawn on them that she had been deemed too safe to make it worth while to provide boats for more than a minority of those on board. And imperceptibly, inch by inch, with her lights blazing and all her splendour intact, the great Unsinkable was settling down in the icy water—not all the resources or science and skill of seamanship availing aught for the fifteen hundred trapped souls who remained after the last boat had pulled away. It is said that some second-class passengers solaced their last moments by occupying the first-class saloon.

. . . It was more than two hours before the *Titanic* towered up on end, with her machinery crashing through her hull—and then there was no more ship, but a cry upon the waters that lasted for some ten minutes and faded into silence

That other unsinkable ship called Civilization had yet two more years to race over smooth waters before her safety likewise was called in question

Science and Psychology

THE MIND OF BIRDS

By JULIAN HUXLEY

WE all of us quite naturally begin with the assumption that other living things have the same sort of minds as ourselves—they happen not to be able to talk, to do mathematics, or to frame philosophies or religions, but in general we take for granted that they feel and think, remember and plan in the same sort of way as we do. Closer observation, however, and especially deliberate experiment, quite destroy this assumption. The lower animals do not talk and calculate and philosophize just because their minds are *not* like ours—they are on quite a different and lower level.

Many people are apt to resent this conclusion and to think men of science cold and soulless for pronouncing it. It always seems to me, however, one of the most exciting and encouraging of ideas to reflect that our minds have been perfected by slow steps from the most rudimentary beginnings, and that there is no more reason to suppose that further evolutionary progress is not possible, towards minds which would stand in the same sort of relation to our imperfect instruments, as do our minds to the still more imperfect instruments of a shrew-mouse or a newt. It is from this point of view that I like to think of the minds of the birds I watch, as mental instruments forged out of the metal of life on the anvil of circumstance by the impersonal but inexorable agency we call evolution. They are in all essentials

more primitive mental instruments than ours, though in this or that particular they may reveal some advantage of sense, some novelty of instinct

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The common and natural line of argument to take is that because the actions of birds are adapted to the biological needs of their lives, therefore they are obviously planned out in the birds' heads—that the apparent purpose of successful adaptation means a real purpose in consciousness, that, to come down to the concrete, birds build nests because they know they must have a place to lay their eggs in, migrate because they know of the approaching cold of winter and wish to reach the familiar warmth of the south, sing because they deliberately wish to attract a mate. Such suppositions, however, are untrue. Birds may build nests or sing songs even when brought up by hand from before the time they were fledged, without seeing any others of their kind and without the possibility of being instructed by parents or companions (of which indeed experiment shows them incapable). The apparent purpose must be only apparent, not real.

Of course the actions of an animal must on the whole achieve their end, otherwise the species could not continue to exist, but it is by no means necessary that the end be perceived in the mind of the animal, much less deliberately planned and purposed by it. The usual procedure of Nature is this—that the brains of animals shall be so constructed that in a given set of circumstances impulses will be aroused which impel them to actions adapted to the circumstances, in just the same blind and automatic way in which our bodies are constructed to do the right adaptive thing quite irrespective of our minds knowing anything about it. Our stomach is constituted so as to pour out gastric juice when wanted, and to digest food—it achieves its end admirably. But nobody ever consciously planned to make their gastric juice just of

this right composition, nor even purposed to liberate it just when it is needed.

As a very simple example of adaptive but wholly unintelligent instinct, take the crouching of many young birds, such as those of various plovers, when danger threatens. In their natural haunts, this is an admirable method of escaping detection, for their colours blend with the surroundings. But they will crouch just as readily on a lawn or a carpet, against which they are conspicuous in the extreme, their instinct to crouch is in fact as automatic and unpurposed as their colour. Another piece of adaptive but apparently quite instinctive behaviour we may cite is the actions of many ground-breeding birds when an enemy threatens their eggs or young. They trail their wings on the ground and shuffle along as if badly wounded, only to spring into the air when the enemy has been lured far enough from the nest. Here again, all the evidence is against the bird having any conscious purpose or knowledge of what it is doing, the shamming wounded is an inborn pattern of behaviour, like sneezing in ourselves.

As a curious example of lack of intelligence we may take the well-authenticated fact that some birds, when they begin a nest against one rung of a ladder or on one of many similar rafters, seem wholly unable to keep the situation distinct, and proceed to build a whole series of nests against all or most of the rungs or rafters. In nature, every situation is a little different from every other, here, man's artificiality has been too much for them with its repetition of sameness. How remote from ours is the mind capable of this lack of discrimination!

Equal dissimilarity of behaviour from a human type of mentality, though in a rather different way, is provided by the numerous recorded examples of comparatively clever birds like jackdaws which do not know when to stop building in cases where more bringing of nest-material is useless. Jackdaws breed in holes, and drop sticks into them to make the

foundations of their nests. Sometimes it happens that a nice-looking hole communicates with some bigger space below, and the sticks simply drop through. But once the birds have chosen a hole they may continue bringing and dropping in sticks for days and days until a really enormous pile accumulates in the hollow trunk below, although after a few hours' work it should have been obvious to the meanest intelligence that they were wasting their time. The reason they never realized it is simple—that in respect of nest-building birds do not and are not required to use intelligence, being endowed by Nature with instincts which normally are quite good enough. The perfection of these instincts is seen in such exquisitely finished nests as those of the weaver-bird or tailor-bird or our own long-tailed tit, while the fact that they are only instincts is seen by such incidents as that of the persevering jackdaws I have just quoted.

Mr Kirkman has recently conducted a number of interesting experiments on black-headed gulls and finds that they, while the brooding urge is on, can be made to accept stones or even sardine-tins and sit on them apparently quite happily—a complacency rivalled in Nature by that of the emperor penguin whose passion for brooding *something* will induce it to incubate lumps of ice if eggs are not available.

It is this perverse acceptance of substitutes for normal eggs and young which makes possible the parasitism of the common cuckoo. It is surely the very nadir of intelligence for a pair of wretched meadow-pipits or hedge-sparrows to go on caring for a young cuckoo just because he happened to be hatched in their nest, although he eventually grows four or five times as bulky as his foster-parents, and to feed him at all they have to perch on his shoulder or head.

In Chance's remarkable film, *The Cuckoo's Secret*, occurs an illuminating incident which forcibly reveals the deficiencies of bird-mind. The young cuckoo is first seen, in the absence of the old birds, heaving one of the fledgling meadow-pipits, his foster-brothers, out of the nest. It caught its foot a few

inches from the rim of the nest, and hung there squeaking. After a little, the mother bird returned with food. Her unfortunate offspring was in full view and hearing, yet she did not attempt to get it back into the nest or even to feed it, but went straight to the young cuckoo and put the food in its capacious gape.

It would thus seem (and there are many other bits of evidence in support of the idea) that birds react much more to whole situations than we do, and are much less capable of distinguishing objects as separate. What appeals to the mother bird and touches her parental instinct is not a young bird as such, not *her* young bird as such, but a young bird—more or less any young bird—in the proper situation, which is within the nest. It is as if a human mother were perfectly willing to adopt a young gorilla if she found it in her nursery, and to pay no attention to her own baby though it was howling in full view but on the other side of the street.

This is not to say birds cannot and do not learn, but they are only capable of limited learning, and do much more of the business of life untaught, instinctively, than we do. Flight, that most amazingly complex of all physical activities, comes untaught to birds, they do not have to learn how to migrate, nor how to build a nest (though a certain improvement in this may come with repetition), and the great majority of them will sing the characteristic song of the species even if kept out of hearing of all others of their kind.

If you put up nest-boxes and have the good fortune to have a window for one of your tenants, you can treat yourself to a first-class demonstration of the elaboration which purely unlearned instinctive behaviour may attain. Remove the lid of the box when the bird has been incubating for some time, and look in. She will press herself against one side of the cavity, with head pointing upwards, and then with an amazingly snake-like motion raise herself towards you, still all flattened against the side. When she has extended herself to her full height, she suddenly gives a ferocious hiss, and

at the same moment shoots back, scattering the eggs in every direction over the bare bottom of the box. Even though you can see that she is only a harmless little bird, the trick is very disconcerting, and you find yourself hastily drawing back and in danger of losing your balance, in the all-but-darkness of the bird's natural nest, and to a small egg-stealing animal, the effect must be overwhelming. And yet the whole procedure appears to be purely instinctive, entirely the result of the mental clockwork with which wrynecks are endowed by heredity, performed without any conscious imitation of a snake or indeed any purposeful planning whatsoever.

But to make up for their relative lack of intelligence, birds are extremely various and intense in their emotional natures. As cause of this, it is natural to look first to their high temperatures. The rate at which chemical processes take place, including the chemical processes of life, goes up with temperature, being roughly doubled for each rise of ten degrees centigrade, and the normal temperature of birds is keyed up to what in men or any other mammals would be dangerous fever-heat. Besides this, birds are constructed to undertake that most arduous of all vital activities, flight. Thus they must have reserve of energy and power which readily bubbles up, and can express itself in vivid and striking ways. It is from a combination of these two causes that birds provide us with such amazing exhibitions of combined physical and emotional energy as the skylark singing his way up to the sky, the unceasing duels and wild dervish-dancing of ruffs or blackcock on their assembly-places in the breeding-season, that the robin will respond to a warm day in winter and a slight lull in his struggle with the cold by an outpouring of song, that a pair of herons or egrets will burst out with a wild expression of mutual affection each time they see each other again after a few hours' absence, all through the long months of the nesting-season, that the redwings, in late winter, will gather together on wild days and give a com-

munal concert (I have heard them even on Hampstead Heath), though still in a strange land, far from their Scandinavian summer homes

Birds are thus on the whole lower than mammals in pure intelligence, higher in pitch of emotion and intensity of living. This is the background against which we must remember to interpret their actions. But what I want to speak of in the rest of this chapter is the insight we get into the mind of birds by watching them in the field

The first point which will strike even the most casual observer is that different kinds of birds are endowed by nature with different kinds of temperaments. The common white-throat is a restless excitable creature, always fluttering up and diving down again into the hedgerows, while the hedge-sparrow is sober and retiring, the robin, for all his charm, is exceedingly pugnacious, the house-sparrow we all know as impudent and cunning, with a nature quite different from that of his close relative the tree-sparrow

But after we have given a character to each familiar species of bird, we find that this is only a very general character, and that within the species there is great individual variation of temperament as well. There is enormous difference in the timidity or courage of birds within a single species. One hen will shoot off from her eggs as soon as a human being appears in sight, another will sit tight and let herself be watched and photographed at close range. The red-throated diver, for instance, is not usually a very close sitter, but one bird we came across in Spitsbergen had actually to be forced off her nest by gentle pressure with my boot (her sharp beak precluded the use of hands) before we could see what she was sitting on

Such individual variation is often very noticeable in respect of the dawning æsthetic impulse which prompts many birds to adorn their nests. This in itself is a strange phenomenon of bird-mind. It is strange that one of the American fly-catchers should always decorate its nest with a strip of a

snake's cast skin—though it has been suggested that this may perhaps frighten egg-thieves, but why should buzzards and eagles and other birds of prey bring green leafy branches to lay on their nests and renew them from time to time during incubation? Why should various plovers put shells and bright pebbles round the edge of the little depression that serves them as nest? We can only suggest that it is, as I said, an early germ of the aesthetic impulse, akin to that which prompts magpies and crows and jackdaws (including the celebrated bird of Rheims) to carry off and hoard bright shining objects. But whatever the precise nature of the impulse, it is nearly as variable in its manifestations as the artistic impulse in human beings. Of a dozen Kentish plover nests, most will be moderately decorated, one or two will be very richly garnished, one or two will have no decoration at all.

Then watching may reveal curious associations and transferences in the mind of birds. In a previous talk I spoke of the frequent association between courtship and nest-material. Another simple and frequent association is seen in most kinds of birds in which the cock-bird feeds the hen as part of his courtship attentions to her. In such cases the female almost invariably adopts the same plaintive fluttering attitude seen in the young birds already fledged, which are begging for food from their parents. Titmice are a good example of this harking back of the female to a youthful attitude. A more obscure association is that between courtship-displays and other activities of the birds which have no obvious connection with sex or reproduction. In crested grebes, for instance, the head-shaking ceremony which I mentioned in a former chapter is almost always accompanied by occasional dips of the beak below the point of the wing. It is the same gesture as in preening the wing-feathers, but during the courtship-display, it is only a reminiscence, a mere ghost of real preening, and is sometimes so abbreviated that the beak is brought back without ever touching the wing at all.

Swans, too, intersperse their rarely seen but beautiful mutual courtship with a reminiscence of that common swan gesture of throwing the neck back and rubbing the head against the feathers of the back. These queer, automatic-looking actions can have no value in themselves, but must be a strange by-product of the way in which the mind of birds is constructed. Even if the bird-watcher does not understand what they may mean, he has the satisfaction of posing a new problem to the psychologist.

The penguins offering stones to dogs and men instead of to their mates, and the argus pheasant displaying to his food-trough, which I spoke of before, provide examples of the transference of emotion or its expression into unusual channels. This is not very uncommon among birds, you can elicit a good example of it any spring by throwing stones into an osier patch which harbours some hedge-warblers. On this the cock-birds will almost invariably burst into song, song, the normal expression of sexual emotion and general well-being, has been commandeered as outlet for the birds' feeling of anger.

Another very curious side of bird-mind is one which was first stressed by Edmund Selous—namely the way in which hostility between two rival males so often finds outlet in strangely formal posturings and mock combats instead of in genuine fighting. A male swan will ruffle up to an invader of his territory in fear-inspiring pose—breast puffed out, neck curved back, wings arched, the trespasser will adopt the same pose, but instead of coming to blows the two will circle round each other grandly but harmlessly, until honour, it seems, is satisfied, and the invader swims off or the two separate as if by mutual consent. It is the rarest thing for a genuine fight to develop between two swans. The same is true for very different kinds of birds, such as stockdoves, and even the constant duellos of ruffs on their assembly-grounds are much more in the nature of sparring-practice than of dangerous fights. Here again, possibilities of great

biological and psychological interest lurk behind the facts ; but for the moment what we need is more watching and more facts before we can try to generalize

Another strange bit of bird psychology is the mobbing of hawks, owls and cuckoos by many kinds of small birds , and still another is the extraordinary talent for mimicry of other birds' notes which is indulged in by quite a number of species in a state of nature The mocking-bird of America is perhaps the supreme example, but the blue jay, the common starling, and the sedge-warbler are masters of the art, and I have been deluded by a blackbird mimicking a nightingale Here again we can see no utility attached to the practice, and it seems to be a mere by-product of their nature But why is it found in some species, and not in others though closely related ? Why does one bird practise it in nature, and others, like ravens, only when taught ?

As you see, a great deal of what I have been talking about consists of facts which pose unanswered questions This is at least a challenge to the bird-watcher to go on with his watching and produce new observations Puzzling facts are rarely to be cleared up by speculation alone , almost always they need the illumination of new facts for their explanation It is also a reminder that bird-mind, if not specially characterized by high intelligence, is yet complicated enough, and a study full of interest Let us remember that in the long history of life, mind has evolved as well as body, and that in studying birds, we can be studying a particular phase in the evolution of mind, that strange and mysterious property of living creatures with which—let us face the fact frankly—the present scientific scheme of things, coherent though it be, and ever more embracing, is still very incompletely linked up, and whose eventual incorporation in that scheme will cause upheavals of thought as great as those due to Copernicus or Darwin or Einstein

SCIENCE AND GENERAL IDEAS

By E N DA C ANDRADE AND JULIAN HUXLEY

SCIENTIFIC METHODS AND PRINCIPLES

THERE are so many details in science, so many separate discoveries and new ideas, that at first sight the history of science seems a confused jumble of facts. But if we look back over it, we can pick out certain points which have general interest, and this will help us to understand better what science is and what it means.

First of all, science means finding out how things actually *do* happen, not laying down principles as to how they *ought* to happen. The most famous example of this concerns Galileo's discovery about falling bodies. As we saw, he showed that, excluding the slight difference due to air resistance, a light object falls to the ground at the same rate as a heavy object. This did not agree with the views of the most learned of the time. They had taken over from Aristotle the idea that there were two opposing 'principles' in objects—a 'heaviness principle' that made heavy things like lead weights fall downwards, and a 'lightness principle' that made light things float upwards. In various materials, these opposing principles were supposed to exist in varying proportions. However, Galileo proved his point experimentally by dropping different weights from the Leaning Tower of Pisa: if they were dropped at the same moment, they reached the ground at the same moment. Even then, many of the learned men would not be convinced. They believed so much in their principles that they said there must

be a flaw somewhere in Galileo's experiments. But Galileo was right, and the facts he established and the laws he discovered about them are the basis of our modern knowledge of mechanics, of astronomy, and of many very practical things, like the range of rifle-bullets and shells.

Other people at first refused to believe that the earth went round the sun, because it contradicted their established beliefs. But the facts were too much for them, and after a time it was universally acknowledged that the earth *does* go round the sun.

In antiquity, and still more in the Middle Ages, this passion for first setting up general principles and then trying to explain things by means of them was very prevalent. It, and not the scientific method of first observing facts and making experiments and then drawing general conclusions from them, was the usual way of thinking about nature. Sometimes it had very curious results. For instance, there was the supposed principle that some things and forms were more perfect than others. The circle was regarded as the most perfect form. The heavenly bodies were regarded as perfect, in opposition to the earth, which was full of imperfections. As a consequence, it was concluded that the heavenly bodies must all move in circles, for a body which was perfect could, it was argued, obviously not move in a track whose shape was not perfect. This idea influenced astronomy right up to the sixteenth century, when Kepler finally showed that whether the heavenly bodies were perfect or not, they moved in ellipses. Later, when in the seventeenth century Galileo's telescope showed that the moon was of the same general nature as the earth, the whole idea of the 'perfection' of the heavenly bodies had to be dropped.

Again, in the Middle Ages, the male sex was regarded as more perfect than the female. Accordingly it was seriously stated by some writers that cockerels would hatch from more rounded eggs, because the shape of these was nearer to a

circle than the pointed eggs, which would produce pullets. If anyone had taken the trouble to try an experiment, they would at once have seen that there was no truth in the idea

Sometimes people who held strongly to preconceived principles went even further. When Galileo with his newly invented telescope showed that the moon had mountains like the earth, and Jupiter had satellites *circling round it*, the Professor of Philosophy at Padua refused to look through the telescope. He did not *want* to see something which went against his beliefs.

Obviously this was very unscientific. The only way to get new knowledge is to try to find out some new fact. The only way to know if a new idea is true is to test it out against facts. However, this kind of attitude is not uncommon. We all have our beliefs and prejudices, often unconsciously, and generally do not like to have them upset. You often hear people saying that some idea or fact *cannot* be true because it goes against common sense. However, common sense is just a name for the notions we get from ordinary experience and from the ideas in which we have grown up. It is common sense for us to take certain kinds of precautions against infection with the germs of certain diseases, because to-day we know about bacteria. But it is not common sense for the savage, who knows nothing about bacteria and believes firmly that disease is due to magic. For him it is 'common sense' to look for the witch who is responsible, or to try to charm away the disease by counter-magic. When the question was being discussed whether the earth was flat or spherical, many people said it could not be round because people at the Antipodes would be upside-down, and that was against common sense.

So one of the most important things in science is not to pay attention to prejudices and preconceived ideas, whether these take the form of so-called common sense, or undue

belief in authority or philosophical principles. Observation and experiment are the only final authority in science.

This is the great difference between science and magic. Savages believe firmly in magic, and a great deal of their lives is concerned in performing magical rites. Some of these are supposed to make the crops grow, or to bring rain, or to secure success in hunting or in war. In many parts of Africa, even to-day, the idea that people die of natural causes is unknown. Death is always supposed to be due to some sort of witchcraft or black magic, and accordingly much magic is practised in the hope of curing diseases.

Some magic depends on the idea that imitating an event in make-believe will bring it about in reality. A common form of 'black magic' was to make an image of your enemy in wax, and then, to the accompaniment of spells, stick pins into it or melt it before the fire. This was supposed to cause the person's death. Hunting magic often consists in dances where some of the hunters dress up and act like wild animals and the others pretend to kill them.

Another 'principle' of magic is that objects can be possessed of mysterious powers, and so become charms or talismans, or work good or evil. Generally such objects have something queer or striking about them, like the odd-shaped stones or trees that serve as fetishes in parts of Africa, or they are associated with some remarkable person, or sacred place, or strange occurrence.

It is clear that in both these cases (and the same is true for other kinds of magic) a definite idea or principle is behind the minds of the men who believe in and practise the magic. The truth is that, like some of the other principles we have been discussing, these too happen to be wrong.

SCIENCE AND GENERAL IDEAS

One of the main reasons why such wrong ideas and useless practices can grow up is ignorance. Among primitive

tribes to-day, as was the case too in prehistoric times, there is hardly any scientific knowledge, everything is mysterious. The sun rises and sets and the moon changes, but people have no idea why, or what are the relations of the heavenly bodies to the earth. No one knows anything about the natural causes of rain or drought, storms or earthquakes, famine or disease. Accordingly everything is put down to mysterious influences by magic or by good and bad spirits. Such ideas cannot very well be called superstitious so long as no better explanation is available. But reason may show that they are false, and finally, when scientific knowledge demonstrates the way things really work, the ideas of magic or spirit-influence can be seen to be mere superstitions.

So as science progresses superstition ought to grow less. On the whole, that is true. But it is surprising how superstitions linger on. If we are tempted to look down on savage tribes and other nations for holding such ideas, we should remember that even to-day, among the most civilized nations, a great many equally stupid superstitions exist and are believed in by a great many people. It is worth while making a list of the superstitions which you know about. Some people will not sit down thirteen at table, others will not light three cigarettes from one match, or do not like to start anything important on a Friday, or refuse to walk under a ladder, many people buy charms and talismans because they think they will bring them luck. Perhaps you yourself are inclined to believe in some of these ideas.¹ Try to find out if there is really anything in any of them, and what reasons there may be for people believing in them.

Probably the most terrible example of superstition is the belief in witchcraft. In Western Europe, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, over three-quarters of a million people were killed, mostly after being tortured, because they were found guilty of witchcraft—something

for which to-day we can find no scientific evidence. When people give reasons for persecuting others, we ought to be very sure that their reasons are not merely superstitions, or based on false principles.

Furthermore, even in civilized nations to-day, many actions take place and laws are framed on the bases of principles which are just as much unproved assumptions as were many of those of the philosophies of the Middle Ages. For instance, it is often held as a principle that white people are inherently superior to people of other colours. This is rather like the 'principle of perfection' we have just mentioned. In the same sort of way the ancient Greeks believed themselves inherently superior to the barbarians of Northern and Western Europe. The only way to see if there is anything in such a principle is to make scientific studies of numbers of white and black and brown people under different conditions of life and education and find out just what they can and cannot achieve.

It is, however, true that the increase of scientific knowledge does reduce superstition and also baseless speculation and useless argument and practices. Civilized people do not take sides and get angry about the composition of water: the composition of water is known, and there is no argument about it. They may be frightened at a volcanic eruption or an outbreak of plague, but they do not try to propitiate mysterious powers to stop the eruption, or blame the plague on the sins of their enemies or on the machinations of witchcraft.

These are examples of the fact that the advance of science necessarily changes our general ideas. We will mention one or two other examples. The advance of astronomical science has entirely changed our views as to the place of man in nature. Before the time of Copernicus it was universally believed that the universe was quite a small affair, that the earth was its centre, that the sun and moon existed to give light to our world, and that they and the

stars travelled round the earth. Since then, there have been many changes in our ideas, until now we know that the earth travels round the sun, that the sun is only one of millions of stars, which are scattered in space at distances of millions of millions of miles; that all the stars we see make up only a single star-family, and that there are millions of other similar star-families swimming in space at almost inconceivable distances, but visible through our telescopes as spiral nebulae. We can no longer think of man or his home as in any way central, or as being anything but very insignificant compared with the universe as a whole.

The advance of biological science has had an equally great effect. Before the nineteenth century it used to be supposed that man was created only a few thousand years ago in the same form that he has to-day, and that all other animals and plants existed for his benefit. The discoveries of geology proved the world to be enormously old, and Darwin and his followers showed that man had evolved from an animal ancestor. To-day we know that life has existed on the earth for over a thousand million years; that during that time it has slowly changed or evolved into many different forms; that man evolved out of an ape-like creature, and came on the scene very late in the world's history, that he has changed in various ways during his evolution, and that there is no reason why further change and evolution should not take place. Furthermore, the rest of life does not exist to serve man—man simply happens to be the most successful living creature, and to be able to use many animals and plants for his own ends.

There are many other ways in which scientific knowledge has changed general ideas—for instance about heredity, and catastrophes like earthquakes, and disease, and the religious beliefs of primitive peoples—but we have not space to go into them here. When studying history it is a good exercise to try to trace the effects of scientific advance on the ideas prevalent in different periods.

SCIENCE AND THE CONTROL OF NATURE

But science not only provides knowledge about nature : it also provides means for controlling nature So besides general ideas, science also affects practical affairs and everyday life Perhaps the most obvious example concerns transport Up to the end of the eighteenth century, transport on land differed very little from what it had been in Roman times A Roman officer in second-century Britain could get from London to York just about as quickly and comfortably as an eighteenth-century gentleman Owing to the compass and to improved design of ships, sea transport had improved a little, but not very much Then came the invention of the steam-engine, and its improvement, which was dependent on the general scientific knowledge of the time Steamships, and railways with steam locomotives, completely changed the business of travel and of the transport of goods The internal combustion engine, again based on the scientific study of heat and its generation by gas explosions, made possible first the motor-car and the Diesel engine and then the aeroplane Now people are talking of the possibility of flying at five hundred miles an hour or more by means of rocket-propulsion in the thin higher layers of the atmosphere It is interesting to note down the highest speeds possible for land, sea and air travel every ten years from 1820 to the present day

Similarly with communications Not only did the steam-engine, and then the aeroplane, speed up the sending of letters and newspapers, but the discoveries about electricity made possible first the telegraph, then the telephone, then wireless, and to-day television is on the verge of becoming practical As a result of science, the possibilities of tying the world together by quick transmission of facts and ideas have completely changed in less than a century

Or again, think of the lighting of houses and streets Candles—oil lamps—gas—arc lights—electric filament lamps

—and now vapour-discharge lighting Or sanitation—all it means to have pure water in every house Or the differences between a surgical operation before anaesthetics and aseptic methods, and a surgical operation to-day. Not only has science provided all kinds of new substances and machines and sources of power, but in so doing it has changed our everyday life

However, we should not imagine that the practical applications of science are always necessarily a benefit We have already described how recklessly men are exploiting the resources of nature This waste would not be possible but for the applications of science Our industrial civilization makes new demands for sources of power mining responds with increased activity and new scientific methods for getting coal and oil more cheaply and more quickly Improved transport brings men more easily into the remote parts of the earth, and enables them to kill the wild creatures The applied science which makes it possible for everyone to have their morning newspaper causes the reckless cutting down of forests to provide wood-pulp for news-print

Again, without science, modern civilization would be impossible Applied science transports people from their homes to their work and back, provides them with concentrated fuel in the shape of coal to heat their homes and run their factories (wood fuel could not have served), brings them refrigerated food from the countryside and even from distant countries, gives them sanitation and pure water and so on But once big modern cities have thus come into being, they bring new problems Smoke is one of them Burning raw coal causes smoke to hang like a pall over most industrial cities The smoke contains acids which corrode buildings and damage plant-life it is dirty and means more cleaning and washing, it forms a haze and so cuts off the ultra-violet rays of the sun, which we now know are important for health, it makes it easier for fogs to form,

and causes them to be dark and dense and full of injurious substances, and these fogs are the cause of much unnecessary disease

Health is another problem of modern city life. Apart from the danger due to smoke, cheap foods are often deficient in one or other of the vitamins necessary for health, either because science has found a way of manufacturing a cheap substitute (like margarine for butter) which does not naturally contain vitamins, or because the method of manufacture (like some kinds of canning) or the method of transport (like some kinds of refrigeration) destroys the vitamins originally present. Also it is often difficult to get enough sunlight, fresh air, and exercise in a big city.

Largely as a result of these facts, the people of industrial nations are very far from healthy. For instance, in our own country, nearly three-quarters of the children have decayed teeth, and nearly a quarter have something the matter with their ears. Certainly more than half (probably a good deal more) are considerably less tall and heavy than they might be. Certainly more than half of the whole population, grown-ups as well as children, are much more susceptible to diseases of many kinds than they would be if they ate the right kind of food and lived in healthy surroundings.

So science, as the result of its past advances, has new demands made upon it in the present. It must, for instance, find out how to develop smokeless fuel from coal, how to preserve the vitamins in canned and refrigerated foods, how to put vitamins into foods which lack them, and so on. Already a great advance has been made with both these problems. The best modern methods of canning and refrigerating foods leave their vitamins as well as their taste almost unaltered. We can now burn coal at central generating stations to produce electricity, or treat it to produce gas and coke and tar, or treat it in other ways to produce motor spirit and smokeless household fuel. It remains to make the results of these methods cheap enough for every-

body to enjoy, and also to persuade people to abandon their old habits

Similarly, in past centuries, the crowding together of people into big cities with no proper sanitary arrangements made it possible for certain infectious diseases to spread much faster than with a scattered population, and the result was that from time to time terrible plagues and pestilences broke out. One of the last in England was the Great Plague of London in 1665, when 70,000 people died. Since that time, better sanitation and stricter precautions against infection, framed on the basis of scientific knowledge, have prevented the recurrence of such plagues in the cities of civilized countries

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At the moment, the most urgent needs of our situation concern social affairs and social systems. While we have found out a great deal about harnessing the forces of lifeless nature, and also can control animals and plants (such as disease germs, insect pests, crop plants and domestic animals) quite reasonably well, various social processes are giving the world a great deal of serious trouble.

For instance, something is wrong when factories have to slow down production and yet there are millions of unemployed, and when good wheat land is not cultivated, or good coffee is burnt instead of being sold, or good fish thrown back into the sea, and yet there are millions of people not getting enough food. Something is wrong when terrible wars are still possible, or when people, as in some countries, are not allowed to say what they really think, or to know what is really going on.

We have to make up our minds to find out why such things happen and what are the scientific reasons for them, and then to use our knowledge to control social affairs more efficiently.

But to make any big change in social affairs will not be

possible unless the right sort of ideas are widespread in the population. People must be prepared for change. They must be willing to think about social affairs in a scientific way, without violent feelings and prejudices, so that they can decide impartially what sort of change would be bad and what would be good. They must learn that science is not merely something which deals with physics and chemistry or with the way plants and animals live. Science can also deal with human life, and the scientific spirit is just as important in human affairs as in the laboratory or the workshop.

Change is always happening. The earth was once too hot for liquid water to exist upon it. Gradually it changed so that oceans formed and then life could appear. All life at first consisted of very simple tiny creatures. Gradually it too changed, and bigger and more wonderful kinds of animals and plants came to exist, until at last one kind of animal slowly changed into man.

Human ways of life have steadily changed. Before about ten thousand years ago, man lived entirely by hunting. A settled civilized life only began when agriculture was discovered. From that time to this, civilization has always been changing. Ancient Egypt—Greece—the Roman Empire—the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages—the Renaissance—the age of modern science and of modern nations—one has succeeded the other, and history has never stood still. Even if we try to do nothing we cannot prevent change. During the last few years change has been even more rapid than usual. The Great War, the Peace Treaties, the rise of wireless and flying, the revolutions in Russia and Germany, the world crisis with all its unemployment and the new ideas it is putting into people's minds—all these have been changing the world under our eyes.

In the past, people have usually been unconscious of social changes until they have happened. Now many people are realizing that changes are happening. The next step is to study economic and social change and find out how to

control it deliberately instead of letting it control our life by just happening. And for that, science is needed. Without science and the scientific spirit, we shall just drift along, with their aid, man may be able to learn how to control his own destiny.

BIOCHEMISTRY AND MR. GANDHI

By J B S HALDANE

AMONG the various demands which Mr. Gandhi is making on the Government of India two are of some biochemical interest. He asks that the Government monopoly in salt should be abolished and that alcoholic beverages should be prohibited. In general a scientific man or woman should be particularly wary of attempting to apply his or her science to the solution of political problems. In politics we make up our minds on very inadequate evidence. So if we do not perform our scientific and political thinking in separate thought-tight compartments, the former is likely to suffer. For this reason I shall not air my views on *Swaraj*, but consider the biochemical part of Mr. Gandhi's programme, since the arguments for and against it would be much the same whatever the system of government.

In England salt is a luxury for most people. We use it as a condiment like pepper, and we could mostly do with a good deal less than we actually consume, as is shown by the fact that we excrete large quantities of it. It does not, of course, follow, as one group of food-faddists believe, that our health would be improved if we ate less salt. But very few of us would suffer in health if a salt-tax resulted in lessened salt consumption. The exceptions in England are interesting, however, because they prove the rule in India.

Some eight years ago Professor Moss, who is at present professor of mining at Birmingham, investigated the dietary of coal miners. At that time wages were relatively high,

and the miners could choose their food in a manner which is now impossible. The average miner ate a great deal, for coal-mining is extremely hard work, and work demands food. The food, however, was ordinary food. But in the deeper, and therefore hotter, mines the workers ate astonishing quantities of salty foods such as bacon and red herrings. They apparently also bought a good deal of table salt, and sometimes even relished salted beer. Moss then showed conclusively that this demand for salt was simply to make up the salt lost in sweating.

The world's sweating record, of over two quarts in an hour, is held by an English collier, and as much as eighteen pounds weight may be lost in a single shift in a hot mine. This includes about an ounce of salt, and the average Englishman consumes under half an ounce a day, including that contained in ordinary foodstuffs. A shortage of salt leads to weakness, and to a very distressing form of cramp.

Now in India during the hot weather one sweats for twenty-four hours a day, and to make good the loss over an ounce of salt per day may be needed. Salt is thus an essential component of the diet, and a tax on salt is as undesirable from the biological point of view as would be an excise duty on wheat in England. A physiologist, one may remark, can form no very decisive opinion on the desirability of taxing imported food in England. For if such a tax would tend to lower the vitality of the urban workers it would also probably increase employment in the underpaid but very healthy occupation of agriculture.

But nothing of this kind can be said in favour of the salt-tax in India. It is quite clearly detrimental to the health of the people. No doubt its abolition would dry up an important source of revenue, but in a civilization where biological issues—questions of life or death—were regarded as equally important with economic issues this would not be thought a final objection. The truth is that the salt-tax is a very easy method of raising revenue, which we took over

from the East India Company. But the only justification of British imperial rule in India is that it should be—as on the whole it has been—better than that of the Company. The continuance of the salt-tax is a biological argument for *Swaraaj*.

Mr Gandhi also asks for prohibition. Here it might be thought that the biological arguments would be in his favour. For liberty is an ethical and not a biological requisite. A slave may well be healthier than a free man, and enjoy a longer expectation of life. It is possible, though far from certain, that effective prohibition in Britain would make it a healthier country. At first sight it might be thought that this was much more likely to be true in India. Europeans in India generally refrain from alcoholic drinks till sundown, which testifies to a belief that they are more dangerous in a hot than a temperate climate. Large masses of Indians are on the borderline of starvation, and it might seem that they, at any rate, would be better off if they devoted their meagre incomes to food rather than to drink.

So, perhaps, Gandhi argues. But I do not suppose that he or his supporters have heard of the tragedy of Nauru, which was given no publicity whatever in the lay Press, as its only moral is against Government interference with individual liberty. Nauru or Pleasant Island lies in the Pacific Ocean near the equator, and contains large deposits of phosphate. So its inhabitants contribute to the world over-production of food by exporting portions of their native land. They were in the habit of drinking toddy made from fermented palm-juice, and on occasion became very tipsy in consequence, which doubtless lessened their efficiency as excavators. Nauru is governed by Australia under a mandate from the League, and the paternal Government issued an ordinance forbidding the use of toddy. Perhaps the efficiency of the natives as labourers increased, but their infant mortality rose to 50 per cent. within six months of this law coming into force.

It was found that the children at the breast were dying of beri-beri, a disease due to deficiency of vitamin B₁. This substance is nearly absent from the rather monotonous diet of the mothers, but is present in large quantities in the yeast from which the toddy is made. The medical officer of health discovered this fact, and (doubtless after an appropriate delay) toddy was allowed again. The infantile mortality immediately fell to 7 per cent. An account of the Nauru affair was given by Bray in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine* for 1930.

The situation in many areas of central India is quite similar. Large sections of the population are on the borderline of vitamin B₁ deficiency, and suffer from time to time from mild beri-beri. In these circumstances adults generally survive in rather poor health, but breast-fed children die. This dietary deficiency is at least to some extent supplemented by the use of toddy made from palm-juice, and the efforts of Mr. Gandhi and his followers to prevent the consumption of toddy, by cutting down palm-trees and otherwise, doubtless serve to slow down the increase of the Indian population. So perhaps my objection to them is sentimental. Nevertheless I cannot succeed in repressing my opinion that the infantile mortality of India is already high enough. It is only fair to Gandhi to add that there are no vitamins in distilled liquors, and it is possible that prohibition of whisky might increase the efficiency of the European population of India.

The above facts are mere biology. They will not weigh in a dispute in which both sides ignore biological facts. A compromise will probably be reached by which the salt-tax remains, but toddy is prohibited, thus ensuring the maximum possible interference with liberty and damage to health.

LAUGHING

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

PRELUDE

A MIDDLE-AGED gentleman from the Dog Star having resolved, by one of those freaks common to eccentric pedantry, to write a monograph on the most insignificant of planets, arrived not long since upon this earth on a tour of investigation. It was not difficult for him to do so, for many thousands of years ago the Caniculans (as the inhabitants of the Dog Star are named) had reached a pitch of civilization far in advance of anything dreamt of here. Consequently they are simple, wise, and earnest folk—self-knowledge and self-control are with them absolute—wit, humour, art, religion, and all the other products of that dark and dangerous devil discovered by Siegmund Freud and so eagerly petted and pampered by all us Europeans who wish to appear intelligent, have been eliminated long since, in other words, these fortunate creatures have no Unconscious. They communicate with one another directly by thought-transference. Our clumsy and roundabout methods of speech and writing have died out ages ago. Travel, like everything else among these folk, is excessively simple—not only travel upon the Dog Star itself, but also inter-astral travel. No tickets and no vehicles are necessary. All that is needed is a few moments of concentrated thought, for the body—that rarefied, ethereal body which the Caniculans have achieved—follows closely and automatically in the wake of mind. And so, by thinking of the Earth, our Caniculan was able easily and comfort-

ably to transport himself thither. But as he did not already know our planet, he was unable to think of any particular landing-place, and so he had the misfortune to land, just as it was growing dark, in the middle of an African jungle. It was neither a comfortable nor an edifying night that he passed there, and it was by lucky accident rather than by any determined endeavour that he found himself at half-past eleven of the following morning on the southern edge of Piccadilly Circus.

He stood on the edge of the curb, looking about him with a sigh of relief. His night in the jungle had been a terrible disappointment, for so disorderly had life there appeared that he had felt that he could never make a monograph of it. There was nothing to take hold of, no system, no order. Nature, so perfectly controlled on his own star, here sprawled and spawned, slew and was itself slain. Horrible noises, fierce growlings, agonized screamings, ribald chatterings, were the audible counterpart of the general untidiness. It was hopeless. Where was he to begin? You cannot make a neat thesis out of blind chaos.

But here in Piccadilly Circus all was different. Here was something like what he sought—evolution, order struggling out of disorder, a will to tidiness working before his very eyes. It was as though he were watching the life on the Dog Star of a thousand years ago. He set to work at once on this exciting material, and in a few days his thesis was well in hand. The more he studied, the more he was struck by the will to order in the primitive life about him. The singleness of aim, the surprising achievement in the face of crippling odds, were beautiful and strangely touching. As he watched it, he was sometimes ravished out of his Caniculan calm into an almost earthly enthusiasm.

One day, hungry after a vigorous morning of sight-seeing, he dropped into his favourite restaurant. The place had delighted him from the first—the will to order, the sense of pattern, revealed itself much more clearly and successfully

here than in the great metropolis out of doors. It was as it were a symbol and a promise of what London, England, Europe, the Earth itself were striving to become. There he could contemplate mind ministering to body, body ministering to mind, with a success and an accord still lacking elsewhere. He ordered some *Oeufs Brouillés à la Portugaise* and half a bottle of 1917 Latour Blanche. At the next table to him sat an immensely fat old gentleman. His face was crimson, he was in every respect the result of those vices of which the Caniculans had purged their society five centuries ago. As our Caniculan considered him, a waiter brought the old gentleman a plate of soup. The old man glanced into the plate, and just as the waiter was about to set it before him, he checked him with a glance. 'Clear?' he exclaimed with fury. 'I ordered thuck—thuck turtle!'

The waiter murmured an apology, and was in the act of removing the soup-plate when the old gentleman, feeling perhaps that he had not expressed himself with sufficient emphasis, made a sweeping gesture with the left hand. The gesture was inadequately controlled. His knuckles struck the edge of the soup-plate and knocked it out of the waiter's hand. For a fraction of a second it wavered in the air, tilted dangerously, and then poured its contents over the old gentleman's head. It was a discreditable scene, but worse, much worse, was to come. Our Caniculan heard an unaccustomed sound to his right. He turned his head to discover that a handsome, well-dressed woman, sharing a table with a very smart young man, was in the act of throwing back her head and opening her mouth. Then the young man opposite her did the same, and together they began to produce a series of incoherent and shocking noises. Other tables which were within sight of the catastrophe took up the cry—a strange, spasmodic barking, horrible and repulsive in the mouth of civilized creatures. The sound spread, increased, volley was added to volley, quackings, hoots, barkings, cluckings swelled the chorus. Madness was filling

the restaurant With startling suddenness the memory of his uncomfortable night in the jungle flashed upon the bewildered Caniculan , but the sounds which he had heard there were the very milk of logic compared with these obscene cachinnations The horrible truth burst upon him The pursuit of order and reason which had so stirred his enthusiasm was no more than a thin veneer These Earth folk were brute beasts at bottom at the smallest provocation they flung off their disguise and revealed themselves in the abominable nakedness of their true nature That was the end of his thesis and of his visit to our planet In an agony of shame and disillusionment he clapped his hands to his ears, rose to his feet, and, forgetting his hat, his stick, and his bill, rushed in horror into the street A few seconds of mental concentration and he had whirled himself from Piccadilly Circus to his home on the Dog Star His ambition to study Earth and its humanity was extinguished He had witnessed for the first and last time the amazing phenomenon of the laugh

LAUGHING

But it needed no extra-mundane visitor to persuade us of the unique and disturbing nature of laughter for the man who can regard his kind with detachment the thing is self-evident Man's other expressions of emotion are at least to some extent calculable , you can be sure, or very nearly sure, that certain stimuli will produce certain emotions, and those emotions will at once find their appropriate expressions. But laughter is, in the main, an accident It is true that comedians and wits and other folk who have dabbled in the thing can, and often do, deliberately call forth laughter from their fellows But it is a ticklish and uncertain business, in which the chances of success are more precarious than those in any other undertaking with the possible exception of gold-

digging For the most part laughter comes upon a man unawares It is like dynamite or fulminate of mercury : the least thing may explode it It will take a man when he least expects it, sometimes on the most inappropriate occasions I have seen men so strongly possessed by laughter at a funeral that it was only by sacrificing all dignity of pose that they could preserve a proper solemnity of countenance.

When considered as a diversion, again its unique nature becomes at once apparent, for it is the only diversion which cannot be indulged in at will If a man feels like walking he has but to step outside his door if he wishes to read he takes up a book thinking and, to some extent, even dreaming can be performed when desired We can say Let us eat, Let us drink, Let us smoke, Let us idle, and so saying we can proceed to do these things, but we cannot deliberately set ourselves to laugh We do not write to a friend 'Do come round and laugh for an hour or two this evening' The most we can do is to lay the train for the divine explosion, never sure that the train will be fired Certain statements, a certain event or set of events *may*, circumstances being favourable, produce the laugh, and we may make the statements or do our best to procure the events and await results but we can do no more than wait We can lead the horse to the water, but we cannot make him drink Even when success seems a certainty, the smallest trifle may run all A friend of mine, an excellent mimic, used to delight his friends, and more especially his relations, by an admirable imitation of a curious old uncle It was irresistible Here, if ever, laughter was no precarious thing, but a dead certainty And, in fact, no matter how often he repeated it, my friend had never failed to secure his laugh It was a thing you couldn't tire of

One day a cousin of his mother's came on a visit, and after dinner, by way of contributing his share to her entertainment, he gave his famous imitation Everything was there, one would have said, to ensure success The company was

in a convivial mood , the imitation had never yet failed to be a roaring success, and the mother's cousin was a lady with a strong sense of humour Yet the thing was a complete failure Why : For the most trifling reason—namely, that my friend had for the moment forgotten that his mother's cousin was that particular uncle's wife An expensive mistake, for it proved, in the end, to have cost him a legacy of at least ten thousand pounds

It seems, then, that when you would make a man laugh you must take thought for something more than his sense of humour You cannot afford to disregard his relation to the object against which you propose to raise a laugh And not only that your own relation to that object and to your audience must also be considered In the instance I have just given it is possible that if my friend's mother's cousin had disliked her husband she would have laughed to hear him mimicked It is possible, but it is by no means certain , for it is just as possible that, however little she liked her husband, she might have thought it an impertinence in his nephew to mimic him Again, even though she was fond of her husband, it is quite likely that she would have laughed if her own son had imitated him The possibilities and dangers are complicated from the moment an emotional element enters from which it appears that laughter flourishes only where the heart is not involved As soon as the laughter begins to sympathize with the laughed-at, comedy begins to tilt towards tragedy It may be objected here that when a man laughs at himself we are ready, however much we like him, to laugh too True , but when we do so we are not laughing *at* him, but *with* him—a distinction which is genuine and very far from being verbal

When antipathy, and not sympathy, is involved, it is a different matter Then we laugh more rather than less , but the laughter does not ring pure, there is a sinister note in it Such a note on occasions may be salutary, but if it is not so, if our laughter springs from prejudice and not from

a righteous scorn, then we have sinned against the Spirit of Comedy. So too, strictly considered, the cousin of the mother of my friend the mimic sinned when she was not amused by the imitation of her husband, for the imitation was good, it was richly deserving of laughter, and in denying it the laughter it deserved she allowed her human limitations to obscure her sense of justice and her sense of humour. We are equally unjust when we deny that a man is funny because we dislike him as a man. Things which, said or done by a man we like, would have sent us into an ecstasy of laughing, stir hardly the shadow of a smile if we dislike the perpetrator, for it is as difficult to feel clearly as to think clearly, to keep an emotion free from other emotions which are irrelevant to it as to keep a line of thought untainted by thoughts and feelings which obscure and confuse the issue. On the other hand, if we like a man we are often inclined to think him much more witty than he actually is, which, if the other is a sin, must be called a sin too, but surely a much more venial sin, because it promotes joviality and good-fellowship, while the other destroys them. How easily we laugh at the comedian who has already become a favourite with us. We go to watch him already primed with laughter, and he has only to walk on to the stage to start us chuckling at once—chuckling, like hens at feeding-time, in a charmed anticipation which is rooted in memories of old and exquisite delights. The job of the popular comedian is, for this reason, made easy, sometimes fatally easy, for him, since his audience is ready to do at least half the work, and when so little is demanded of him he may degenerate into giving little. His old admirers guffaw at the least thing, and new-comers, who might in other circumstances have been critical, are infected and laugh with the rest, for nothing is so infectious as laughter. 'Bien souvent,' says a woman in one of Maupassant's stories, 'ce n'est pas un homme que nous aimons, mais l'amour', and often it is at laughter itself that we laugh and not at the thing made fun of, of which indeed we may

be entirely ignorant. There is, I believe, a gramophone record in existence which consists from beginning to end of nothing but one great bout of laughter, and when it is turned on the laughter spreads inevitably and inescapably to the listeners by pure infection. It is a formidable thing, this infectiousness of laughter. One can imagine that gramophone record starting an epidemic which might devastate a whole continent, starting perhaps in some little suburb like Muswell Hill, flowing in defiance of the laws of gravity up Hornsey Rise, spraying in vast ramifications along all the thoroughfares and by-streets of London, fatally infecting a whole boat-train, and so being carried from train to steamer, spreading vibrations and ripples and waves of hilarity along the length and breadth of the Channel, disgorged by the steamer into a French port, and thence, despite diversities of language, growing, germinating, waxing immeasurably, spreading its health, giving disorder to Asia Minor, the Caucasus, and northwards to the Pole itself. What a magnificent thought! A whole world giggling, chuckling, roaring in unison. Magnificent, yet terrifying, horrible, a catastrophic relapse into primitive bestiality!

But though to the detached observer laughter appears a shocking and unaccountable thing, a throw-back to the jungle, an irruption of the primitive and bestial through the rational and civilized, to the laugher himself it is a miraculous reconciliation. For in laughter a man becomes at one with himself. When he laughs, the beast in him and the angel in him lay aside for a moment their lifelong enmity and carouse together. That palpitating of the stomach produced by hearty laughter, which thrills the whole body into a subtle and invigorating dance and sends the blood pulsing through the veins and arteries with a livelier and more sparkling flow, transmits a similar commotion to the mind. The mind flings open its doors and windows, its dim and dusty corners are filled with air and sunshine, its foul and secret places are ventilated and sweetened. It ceases to be a dark

and complex thing and becomes airy and bright and simple. And soon this thrilling of the body and mind spreads to the soul—the soul which so often lies parched and dry like a star-fish thrown up from the great deep and deserted by the tide. It feels the waters of life flow about it again, its starry limbs are refreshed and bestir themselves, its colours are revived, it floats again along its native currents. For a few moments, under the spell of laughter, the whole man is completely and gloriously alive. Body, mind, and soul vibrate in unison and, as the three wires of a note of the piano, produce a single resonant tone. If the condition produced in a man by laughter could be permanently maintained, this earth would become the Kingdom of Heaven.

II

Is there any wonder, then, that man has always been fascinated by laughter, that he has turned it round his tongue, examined it, tasted it, analysed it, in all its multitudinous demonstrations, dividing it into categories and tones like a musical scale, lovingly inventing for them a marvellous variety of words, each akin to it in nature, each striving to reproduce the particular noise made by the particular variety of laughter for which it stands? That is why we have to-day a whole scale of words at our disposal. The snort, the snicker, the snigger, the titter, the giggle, the chuckle, the chortle, the cachinnation, the guffaw—what a range there is! What variety, what development from the short, dry interjection of the snort, hardly more than the stirring of a dead leaf or the turning of the page of a folio, through the growing and more musical agitation of the titter, the giggle, the chuckle, the richer and more vinous chortle, to the superb and sonorous outburst of the guffaw. And we enrol other words in the service—we speak of a burst, a roar, a peal, a shriek, a paroxysm, a yell, an explosion of laughter. Other languages bring rich contributions. The French ‘pouffer’ adds yet another note to the scale, very good, too, is the

Anglo-Saxon 'hlihan', and the Spanish 'carcajada', if you trill the *r*, give the guttural *j* its full value and suggest the thickening of a *th* in the *d*, is superb. It would be worth a man's while to collect every word denoting laughter from every known language and put them all in a book, carefully arranged in one sustained crescendo from the first dry whisper of the snort to the cataclysmic eruption of the carcajada. What a battery of mirth would such a volume present; what vast latent forces, what riotous potentialities, what an inexhaustible stock of deafening joviality locked in cold storage! Discovering it upon a literary table, one would sneak past it on tiptoe, as past a packet of dynamite, conscious that one was hardly man enough for so much glory. If the comparative anatomist, given the beak or skull or an odd toe or clavicle, can reconstruct for us the whole extinct creature, might not the comparative psychologist, given this majestic vocabulary of laughter, describe the characteristics of every race represented in it? For surely the folk who used to hlihan were simple and somewhat taciturn. Complexities would have been wasted on them, but when they were amused to the point of laughter they would break out into that rather sly, lingual, almost dog-like laugh, a laugh spasmodic and soon over. But the immense, expansive, leisurely throe of the carcajada, abandoned yet dignified, might easily outlast a morning. It is the whole hog, Rabelaisian, yet aristocratic and formal. A grandee might utter it and remain every inch a grandee throughout its whole earth-shaking length—come out of it, indeed, even more of a grandee than he went in. It suggests a worldly-wise, infinitely leasured stability. It would ring appropriately through palaces, while the proper setting of the guffaw is undoubtedly the pub.

Nor is it only the manner of its laughter that throws light upon the nature of a people. There are also the things laughed at to witness for or against them. The Chinese, it has been reported, are prodigiously amused when a dog is

run over in the street, and among various peoples at various periods human deformity has been a rich source of mirth. It is no longer the fashion here, as it seems to have been in Elizabethan times, to find entertainment in a madhouse or in the spectacle of a herd of lunatics being put through their antics, and the euphuistic talk, with its assiduous punning and playing with word-meanings, in which the writers of that period delighted seems to us now excruciatingly laboured and tawdry. Many of the humours of such a story as the early Spanish picaresque tale *Lazarillo de Tormes* are for us revoltingly callous, for fashion in humour that is not deeply human changes rapidly. Many of the things which provoke the gaiety and laughter of to-day induce the disgust and boredom of to-morrow. Already Oscar Wilde is wearing very thin, and it is the absence of humanity in his wit and humour which has been his doom, for humanity is the great preservative of humour. The humour of Chaucer, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and Molière is rooted deep in our common nature, and time has hardly been able to prevail against it. And so the humorist who would be immortal must beware of the merely local and topical. A joke against the Eton Crop will perish with the fashion, a dig at Golder's Green will tickle only Londoners and those familiar with London, unless you stab beneath the symbol to the human frailty which it symbolizes, presenting your Eton Crop *sub specie aeternitatis*, attacking through your Golder's Green the goldery-greenery which is eternal in human nature. There is an absurd notion which, though it was exploded by Elia a whole century ago, is none the less alive to-day, that a man must not laugh at his own joke—'the severest exaction surely ever invented,' says Elia, 'upon the self-denial of poor human nature.' If it be good, fresh and racy—begotten of the occasion, if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it, and any suppressions of such complacency we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply but that your company is weak

or foolish to be moved by an image or fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly ?'

I would go further and declare that the maker of the joke is the only one of the company who can appreciate it to the full, for (since each human being is unique and therefore different in soul and body from every other human being) he is the only one present in whom the precise process and development have occurred which have made the joke inevitable. He is the proud father the rest are at most the admiring relations. Besides, when a man refrains from laughing at his own joke, he is certainly arrogating to himself the whole credit for making it. He proudly denies that he is no more than the chosen instrument of a divine accident. He commits the sin of him who gave not God the glory. For, as every honest man will admit, half the jokes he makes, and possibly all the best ones, are made before he himself is completely aware of them. He is suddenly made the temple of the Comic Spirit and, filled full of the divine afflatus, utters the illuminating parables of wit and humour.

Art and Literature

MAKING PICTURES

By D H LAWRENCE

ONE has to eat one's own words I remember I used to assert, perhaps I even wrote it Everything that can possibly be painted has been painted, every brush-stroke that can possibly be laid on canvas has been laid on The visual arts are at a dead end Then suddenly, at the age of forty, I begin painting myself and am fascinated

Still, going through the Paris picture shops this year of grace, and seeing the Dufrys and Chiricos, &c, and the Japanese Ito with his wish-wash nudes with pearl-button eyes, the same weariness comes over one They are all so would-be, they make such efforts They at least have nothing to paint In the midst of them a graceful Friecz flower-piece, or a blotting-paper Laurencin, seems a masterpiece At least here is a bit of *natural* expression in paint Trivial enough, when compared to the big painters, but still, as far as they go, real

What about myself, then ? What am I doing, bursting into paint ? I am a writer, I ought to stick to ink I have found my medium of expression, why, at the age of forty, should I suddenly want to try another ?

Things happen, and we have no choice If Maria Huxley hadn't come rolling up to our house near Florence with four rather large canvases, one of which she had busted, and presented them to me because they had been abandoned in

her house, I might never have started in on a real picture in my life. But those nice stretched canvases were too tempting. We had been painting doors and window-frames in the house, so there was a little stock of oil, turps and colour in powder, such as one buys from the Italian *drogheria*. There were several brushes for house-painting. There was a canvas on which the unknown owner had made a start—mud-grey, with the beginnings of a red-haired man. It was a grimy and ugly beginning, and the young man who had made it had wisely gone no further. He certainly had had no inner compulsion—nothing in him, as far as paint was concerned, or if there was anything in him, it had stayed in, and only a bit of the mud-grey ‘group’ had come out.

So for the sheer fun of covering a surface and obliterating that mud-grey, I sat on the floor with the canvas propped against a chair—and with my house-paint brushes and colours in little casseroles—I disappeared into that canvas. It is to me the most exciting moment—when you have a blank canvas and a big brush full of wet colour, and you plunge. It is just like diving into a pond—then you start frantically to swim. So far as I am concerned, it is like swimming in a baffling current and being rather frightened and very thrilled, gasping and striking out for all you’re worth. The knowing eye watches sharp as a needle, but the picture comes clean out of instinct, intuition and sheer physical action. Once the instinct and intuition gets into the brush-tip, the picture *happens*, if it is to be a picture at all.

At least, so my first picture happened—the one I have called ‘A Holy Family’. In a couple of hours there it all was, man, woman, child, blue shirt, red shawl, pale room—all in the rough, but, as far as I am concerned, a picture. The struggling comes later. But the picture itself comes in the first rush, or not at all. It is only when the picture has come into being that one can struggle and make it *grow* to completion.

Ours is an excessively conscious age. We *know* so much, we feel so little. I have lived enough among painters and around studios to have had all the theories—and how contradictory they are—rammed down my throat. A man has to have a gizzard like an ostrich to digest all the brass-tacks and wire nails of modern art theories. Perhaps all the theories, the utterly indigestible theories, like nails in an ostrich's gizzard, do indeed help to grind small and make digestible all the emotional and aesthetic pabulum that lies in an artist's soul. But they can serve no other purpose. Not even corrective. The modern theories of art make real pictures impossible. You only get these expositions, critical ventures in paint, and fantastic negations. And the bit of fantasy that may lie hid in the negation—as in a Dufry or a Chirico—is just the bit that has escaped theory and perhaps saves the picture. Theorize, theorize all you like—but when you start to paint, shut your theoretic eyes and go for it with instinct and intuition.

Myself, I have always loved pictures, the pictorial art. I never went to an art school, I have had only one real lesson in painting in all my life. But of course I was thoroughly drilled in 'drawing', the solid-geometry sort, and the plaster-cast sort, and the pin-wire sort. I think the solid-geometry sort, with all the elementary laws of perspective, was valuable. But the pin-wire sort and the plaster-cast light-and-shade sort was harmful. Plaster-casts and pin-wire outlines were always so repulsive to me, I quite early decided I 'couldn't draw'. I couldn't draw, so I could never do anything on my own. When I did paint jugs of flowers or bread and potatoes, or cottages in a lane, copying from Nature, the result wasn't very thrilling. Nature was more or less of a plaster-cast to me—those plaster-cast heads of Minerva or figures of Dying Gladiators which so unnerved me as a youth. The 'object', be it what it might, was always slightly repulsive to me once I sat down in front of it, to paint it. So, of course, I decided I couldn't really

paint Perhaps I can't But I verily believe I can make pictures, which is to me all that matters in this respect The art of painting consists in making pictures—and so many artists accomplish canvases without coming within miles of painting a picture

I learnt to paint from copying other pictures—usually reproductions, sometimes even photographs When I was a boy, how I concentrated over it ! Copying some perfectly worthless scene reproduction in some magazine I worked with almost dry water-colour, stroke by stroke, covering half a square-inch at a time, each square-inch perfect and completed, proceeding in a kind of mosaic advance, with no idea at all of laying on a broad wash Hours and hours of intense concentration, inch by inch progress, in a method entirely wrong—and yet those copies of mine managed, when they were finished, to have a certain something that delighted me a certain glow of life, which was beauty to me A picture lives with the life you put into it If you put no *life* into it—no thrill, no concentration of delight or exaltation of visual discovery—then the picture is dead, like so many canvases, no matter how much thorough and scientific work is put into it Even if you only copy a purely banal reproduction of an old bridge, some sort of keen, delighted awareness of the old bridge or of its atmosphere, or the image it has kindled inside you, can go over on to the paper and give a certain touch of life to a banal conception

It needs a certain purity of spirit to be an artist, of any sort The motto which should be written over every School of Art is 'Blessed are the pure in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven' But by 'pure in spirit' we mean pure in spirit An artist may be a profligate and, from the social point of view, a scoundrel But if he can paint a nude, or a couple of apples, so that they are a living image, then he was pure in spirit, and, for the time being, his was the kingdom of heaven This is the beginning of all art,

visual or literary or musical be pure in spirit. It isn't the same as goodness. It is much more difficult and nearer the divine. The divine isn't only good, it is all things.

One may see the divine in natural objects, I saw it to-day, in the frail, lovely little camellia flowers on long stems, here on the bushy and splendid flower-stalls of the Ramblas in Barcelona. They were different from the usual fat camellias, more like gardenias, poised delicately, and I saw them like a vision. So now, I could paint them. But if I had bought a handful, and started in to paint them 'from nature', I should have lost them. By staring at them I should have lost them. I have learnt by experience. It is personal experience only. Some men can only get at a vision by staring themselves blind, as it were. like Cézanne, but staring kills my vision. That's why I could never 'draw' at school. One was supposed to draw what one stared at.

The only thing one can look into, stare into, and see only vision is the vision itself—the visionary image. That is why I am glad I never had any training but the self-imposed training of copying other men's pictures. As I grew more ambitious, I copied Leader's landscapes, and Frank Brangwyn's cartoon-like pictures, then Peter de Wint and Girtin colours. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the series of English water-colour painters, published by the *Studio* in eight parts, when I was a youth. I had only six of the eight parts, but they were invaluable to me. I copied them with the greatest joy, and found some of them extremely difficult. Surely I put as much labour into copying those water-colour reproductions as most modern art students put into all their years of study. And I had enormous profit from it. I not only acquired a considerable technical skill in handling water-colour—let any man try copying the English water-colour artists, from Paul Sandby and Peter de Wint and Girtin, up to Frank Brangwyn and the impressionists like Brabazon, and he will see how much skill

he requires—but also I developed my visionary awareness And I believe one can only develop one's visionary awareness by close contact with the vision itself—that is, by knowing pictures, real vision pictures, and by dwelling on them, and really dwelling in them It is a great delight, to dwell in a picture But it needs a purity of spirit, a sloughing of vulgar sensation and vulgar interest, and above all, vulgar contact that few people know how to perform Oh, if art schools only taught that ! If, instead of saying This drawing is wrong, incorrect, badly drawn, &c, they would say Isn't this in bad taste ? isn't it insensitive ? isn't that an insentient curve with none of the delicate awareness of life in it ?—But art is treated all wrong It is treated as if it were a science, which it is not Art is a form of religion, minus the Ten Commandment business, which is sociological Art is a form of supremely delicate awareness and atonement—meaning at-oneness, the state of being at one with the object But is the great atonement in delight ?—for I can never look on art save as a form of delight

All my life I have from time to time gone back to paint, because it can give me a form of delight that words can never give Perhaps the joy in words goes deeper and is for that reason more unconscious The conscious delight is certainly stronger in paint I have gone back to paint for real pleasure—and by paint I mean copying, copying either in oils or waters I think the greatest pleasure I ever got came from copying Fra Angelico's 'Flight into Egypt' and Lorenzetti's big picture of the Thebaid, in each case working from photographs and putting in my own colour, or perhaps even more a Carpaccio picture in Venice Then I *really* learned what life, what powerful life has been put into every curve, every motion of a great picture Purity of spirit, sensitive awareness, intense eagerness to portray an inward vision, how it all comes The English water-colours are frail in comparison—and the French and Flemings are shallow The great Rembrandt I never tried to copy,

though I loved him intensely, even more than I do now, and Rubens I never tried, though I always liked him so much, only he seemed to spread out. But I have copied Peter de Hooch, and Van-Dyck, and others that I forget. Yet none of them gave me the deep thrill of the Italians, Carpaccio, or the lovely 'Death of Procris' in the National Gallery, or that 'Wedding' with the scarlet legs, in the Uffizi, or a Giotto from Padua. I must have made many copies in my day, and got endless joy out of them.

Then suddenly, by having a blank canvas, I discovered I could make a picture myself. That is the point, to make a picture on a blank canvas. And I was forty before I had the real courage to try. Then it became an orgy, making pictures.

I have learnt now not to work from objects, not to have models, not to have a technique. Sometimes, for a water-colour, I have worked direct from a model. But it always spoils the *picture*. I can only use a model when the picture is already made, then I can look at the model to get some detail which the vision failed me with, or to modify something which I *feel* is unsatisfactory and I don't know why. Then a model may give a suggestion. But at the beginning, a model only spoils the picture. The picture must all come out of the artist's inside, awareness of forms and figures. We can call it memory, but it is more than memory. It is the image as it lives in the consciousness, alive like a vision, but unknown. I believe many people have, in their consciousness, living images that would give them the greatest joy to bring out. But they don't know how to go about it. And teaching only hinders them.

To me, a picture has delight in it, or it isn't a picture. The saddest picture of Piero della Francesca or Sodoma or Goya, have still that indescribable delight that goes with the real picture. Modern critics talk a lot about ugliness, but I never saw a real picture that seemed to me ugly. The theme may be ugly, there may be a terrifying, distressing,

almost repulsive quality, as in El Greco. Yet it is all, in some strange way, swept up in the delight of a picture. No artist, even the gloomiest, ever painted a picture without the curious delight in image-making.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By VIRGINIA WOOLF

THERE are many ways of approaching this classical volume ; but which shall we choose ? Shall we begin by saying that, since Sidney died at Zutphen leaving the *Arcadia* unfinished, great changes had come over English life, and the novel had chosen, or had been forced to choose, its direction : A middle class had come into existence, able to read and anxious to read not only about the loves of princes and princesses, but about themselves and the details of their humdrum lives. Stretched upon a thousand pens, prose had accommodated itself to the demand , it had fitted itself to express the facts of life rather than the poetry. That is certainly one way of approaching *Robinson Crusoe*—through the development of the novel , but another immediately suggests itself—through the life of the author. Here, too, in the heavenly pastures of biography, we may spend many more hours than are needed to read the book itself from cover to cover. The date of Defoe's birth, to begin with, is doubtful—was it 1660 or 1661 ? Then again, did he spell his name in one way or in two ? And who were his ancestors ? He is said to have been a hosier , but what, after all, was a hosier in the seventeenth century ? He became a pamphleteer, and enjoyed the confidence of William the Third , one of his pamphlets caused him to be stood in the pillory and imprisoned at Newgate , he was employed by Harley and later by Godolphin , he was the first of the hureling journalists , he wrote innumerable pamphlets and

articles, also *Moll Flanders* and *Robinson Crusoe*; he had a wife and six children, was spare in figure, with a hooked nose, sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth. Nobody who has any slight acquaintance with English literature needs to be told how many hours can be spent and how many lives have been spent in tracing the development of the novel and in examining the chins of the novelists. Only now and then, as we turn from theory to biography and from biography to theory, a doubt insinuates itself—if we knew the very moment of Defoe's birth and whom he loved and why, if we had by heart the history of the origin, rise, growth, decline, and fall of the English novel from its conception (say) in Egypt to its decease in the wilds (perhaps) of Paraguay, should we suck an ounce of additional pleasure from *Robinson Crusoe* or read it one whit more intelligently?

For the book itself remains. However we may wind and wriggle, loiter and dally in our approach to books, a lonely battle waits us at the end. There is a piece of business to be transacted between writer and reader before any further dealings are possible, and to be reminded in the middle of this private interview that Defoe sold stockings, had brown hair, and was stood in the pillory is a distraction and a worry. Our first task, and it is often formidable enough, is to master his perspective. Until we know how the novelist orders his world, the ornaments of that world, which the critics press upon us, the adventures of the writer, to which biographers draw attention, are superfluous possessions of which we can make no use. All alone we must climb upon the novelist's shoulders and gaze through his eyes until we, too, understand in what order he ranges the large common objects upon which novelists are fated to gaze: man and men, behind them Nature, and above them that power which for convenience and brevity we may call God. And at once confusion, misjudgment, and difficulty begin. Simple as they appear to us, these objects can be made monstrous and indeed unrecognizable by the manner in

which the novelist relates them to each other. It would seem to be true that people who live cheek by jowl and breathe the same air vary enormously in their sense of proportion; to one the human being is vast, the tree minute, to the other, trees are huge and human beings insignificant little objects in the background. So, in spite of the text-books, writers may live at the same time and yet see nothing the same size. Here is Scott, for example, with his mountains looming huge and his men therefore drawn to scale, Jane Austen picking out the roses on her tea-cups to match the wit of her dialogues, while Peacock bends over heaven and earth one fantastic distorting mirror in which a tea-cup may be Vesuvius or Vesuvius a tea-cup. Nevertheless, Scott, Jane Austen and Peacock lived through the same years, they saw the same world, they are covered in the text-books by the same stretch of literary history. It is in their perspective that they are different. If, then, it were granted us to grasp this firmly, for ourselves, the battle would end in victory, and we could turn, secure in our intimacy, to enjoy the various delights with which the critics and biographers so generously supply us.

But here many difficulties arise. For we have our own vision of the world, we have made it from our own experience and prejudices and it is therefore bound up with our own vanities and loves. It is impossible not to feel injured and insulted if tricks are played and our private harmony is upset. Thus when *Jude the Obscure* appears or a new volume of Proust, the newspapers are flooded with protests. Major Gibbs of Cheltenham would put a bullet through his head to-morrow if life were as Hardy paints it, Miss Wiggs of Hampstead must protest that though Proust's art is wonderful, the real world, she thanks God, has nothing in common with the distortions of a perverted Frenchman. Both the gentleman and the lady are trying to control the novelist's perspective so that it shall resemble and reinforce their own. But the great writer—the Hardy or the Proust

—goes on his way regardless of the rights of private property ; by the sweat of his brow he brings order from chaos ; he plants his tree there, and his man here , he makes the figure of his deity remote or present as he will In masterpieces—books, that is, where the vision is clear and order has been achieved—he inflicts his own perspective upon us so severely that as often as not we suffer agonies—our vanity is injured because our own order is upset , we are afraid because the old supports are being wrenched from us , and we are bored—for what pleasure or amusement can be plucked from a brand-new idea ? Yet from anger, fear, and boredom a rare and lasting delight is sometimes born

Robinson Crusoe, it may be, is a case in point It is a masterpiece, and it is a masterpiece largely because Defoe has throughout kept consistently to his own sense of perspective For this reason he thwarts us and flouts us at every turn Let us look at the theme largely and loosely, comparing it with our preconceptions It is, we know, the story of a man who is thrown, after many perils and adventures, alone upon a desert island The mere suggestion—peril and solitude and a desert island—is enough to rouse in us the expectation of some far land on the limits of the world , of the sun rising and the sun setting , of man, isolated from his kind, brooding alone upon the nature of society and the strange ways of men Before we open the book we have perhaps vaguely sketched out the kind of pleasure we expect it to give us We read , and we are rudely contradicted on every page There are no sunsets and no sunrises , there is no solitude and no soul There is, on the contrary, staring us full in the face, nothing but a large earthenware pot We are told, that is to say, that it was the 1st of September 1651 , that the hero's name is Robinson Crusoe ; and that his father has the gout Obviously, then, we must alter our attitude Reality, fact, substance is going to dominate all that follows We must hastily alter our proportions throughout , Nature must furl her splendid purples ,

she is only the giver of drought and water, man must be reduced to a struggling, life-preserving animal, and God shrivel into a magistrate whose seat, substantial and somewhat hard, is only a little way above the horizon. Each sortie of ours in pursuit of information upon these cardinal points of perspective—God, man, Nature—is snubbed back with ruthless common sense. Robinson Crusoe thinks of God ‘sometimes I would expostulate with myself, why providence should thus completely ruin its creatures. But something always return’d swift upon me to check these thoughts’ God does not exist. He thinks of Nature, the fields ‘adorn’d with flowers and grass, and full of very fine woods’, but the important thing about a wood is that it harbours an abundance of parrots who may be tamed and taught to speak. Nature does not exist. He considers the dead, whom he has killed himself. It is of the utmost importance that they should be buried at once, for ‘they lay open to the sun and would presently be offensive’. Death does not exist. Nothing exists except an earthenware pot. Finally, that is to say, we are forced to drop our own preconceptions and accept what Defoe himself wishes to give us.

Let us then go back to the beginning and repeat again ‘I was born in the year 1632 in the city of York of a good family’. Nothing could be plainer, more matter of fact, than that beginning. We are drawn on soberly to consider all the blessings of orderly, industrious middle-class life. There is no greater good fortune we are assured than to be born of the British middle class. The great are to be pitied and so are the poor, both are exposed to distempers and uneasiness, the middle station between the mean and the great is the best, and its virtues—temperance, moderation, quietness and health—are the most desirable. It was a sorry thing, then, when by some evil fate a middle-class youth was bitten with the foolish love of adventure. So he prosed on, drawing, little by little, his own portrait, so that

we never forget it—imprinting upon us indelibly, for he never forgets it either, his shrewdness, his caution, his love of order and comfort and respectability, until by whatever means, we find ourselves at sea, in a storm; and, peering out, everything is seen precisely as it appears to Robinson Crusoe. The waves, the seamen, the sky, the ship—all are seen through those shrewd, middle-class, unimaginative eyes. There is no escaping him. Everything appears as it would appear to that naturally cautious, apprehensive, conventional, and solidly matter-of-fact intelligence. He is incapable of enthusiasm. He has a natural slight distaste for the sublimities of Nature. He suspects even Providence of exaggeration. He is so busy and has such an eye to the main chance that he notices only a tenth part of what is going on round him. Everything is capable of a rational explanation, he is sure, if only he had time to attend to it. We are much more alarmed by the ‘vast great creatures’ that swim out in the night and surround his boat than he is. He at once takes his gun and fires at them, and off they swim—whether they are lions or not he really cannot say. Thus before we know it we are opening our mouths wider and wider. We are swallowing monsters that we should have jibbed at if they had been offered us by an imaginative and flamboyant traveller. But anything that this sturdy middle-class man notices can be taken for a fact. He is for ever counting his barrels, and making sensible provisions for his water supply, nor do we ever find him tripping even in a matter of detail. Has he forgotten, we wonder, that he has a great lump of beeswax on board? Not at all. But as he had already made candles out of it, it is not nearly as great on page thirty-eight as it was on page twenty-three. When for a wonder he leaves some inconsistency hanging loose—why if the wild cats are so very tame are the goats so very shy?—we are not seriously perturbed, for we are sure that there was a reason, and a very good one, had he time to give it us. But the pressure of life when one is fending

entirely for oneself alone on a desert island is really no laughing matter. It is no crying one either. A man must have an eye to everything; it is no time for raptures about Nature when the lightning may explode one's gunpowder—it is imperative to seek a safer lodging for it. And so means of telling the truth undeviatingly as it appears to him—by being a great artist and foregoing this and daring that in order to give effect to his prime quality, a sense of reality—he comes in the end to make common actions dignified and common objects beautiful. To dig, to bake, to plant, to build—how serious these simple occupations are, hatchets, scissors, logs, axes—how beautiful these simple objects become. Unimpeded by comment, the story marches on with magnificent downright simplicity. Yet how could comment have made it more impressive? It is true that he takes the opposite way from the psychologist's—he describes the effect of emotion on the body, not on the mind. But when he says how, in a moment of anguish, he clinched his hands so that any soft thing would have been crushed, how 'my teeth in my head would strike together, and set against one another so strong, that for the time I could not part them again', the effect is as deep as pages of analysis could have made it. His own instinct in the matter is right. 'Let the naturalists,' he says, 'explain these things, and the reason and manner of them, all I can say to them is, to describe the fact.' If you are Defoe, certainly to describe the fact is enough, for the fact is the right fact. By means of this genius for fact Defoe achieves effects that are beyond any but the great masters of descriptive prose. He has only to say a word or two about 'the grey of the morning' to paint vividly a windy dawn. A sense of desolation and of the deaths of many men is conveyed by remarking in the most prosaic way in the world, 'I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows'. When at last he exclaims, 'Then to see how like a king

I din'd too alone, attended by my servants'—his parrot and his dog and his two cats, we cannot help but feel that all humanity is on a desert island alone—though Defoe at once informs us, for he has a way of snubbing off our enthusiasms, that the cats were not the same cats that had come in the ship. Both of those were dead, these cats were new cats, and as a matter of fact cats became very troublesome before long from their fecundity, whereas dogs, oddly enough, did not breed at all.

Thus Defoe, by reiterating that nothing but a plain earthenware pot stands in the foreground, persuades us to see remote islands and the solitudes of the human soul. By believing fixedly in the solidity of the pot and its earthiness, he has subdued every other element to his design, he has roped the whole universe into harmony. And is there any reason, we ask as we shut the book, why the perspective that a plain earthenware pot exacts should not satisfy us as completely, once we grasp it, as man himself in all his sublimity standing against a background of broken mountains and tumbling oceans with stars flaming in the sky?

MUSIC AT NIGHT

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

MOONLESS, this June night is all the more alive with stars. Its darkness is perfumed with faint gusts from the blossoming lime trees, with the smell of wetted earth and the invisible greenness of the vines. There is silence, but a silence that breathes with the soft breathing of the sea and, in the thin shrill noise of a cricket, insistently, incessantly harps on the fact of its own deep perfection. Far away, the passage of a train is like a long caress, moving gently, with an inexorable gentleness across the warm living body of the night.

Music you say, it would be a good night for music. But I have music here in a box shut up like one of those bottled djinns in the *Arabian Nights*, and ready at a touch to break out of its prison. I make the necessary mechanical magic and suddenly by some miraculously appropriate coincidence (for I had selected the record in the dark, without knowing what music the machine would play), suddenly the introduction to the *Benedictus* in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* begins to trace its patterns on the moonless sky.

The *Benedictus*. Blessed and blessing, this music is in some sort the equivalent of the night, of the deep and living darkness into which, now in a single jet, now in a fine interweaving of melodies, now in pulsing and almost solid clots of harmonious sound, it pours itself, stanchlessly pours itself like time, like the rising and falling, falling trajectories of a life. It is the equivalent of the night in another mode of

being, as an essence is the equivalent of the flowers, from which it is distilled

There is, at least there sometimes seems to be, a certain blessedness lying at the heart of things, a mysterious blessedness of whose existence occasional accidents or providences (for me, this night is one of them) make us obscurely, or it may be intensely, but always fleetingly, alas, always only for a few brief moments aware. In the *Benedictus* Beethoven gives expression to this awareness of blessedness. His music is the equivalent of this Mediterranean night, or rather of the blessedness at the heart of the night, of the blessedness as it would be if it could be sifted clear of irrelevance and accident, refined and separated out into its quintessential purity.

'*Benedictus, benedictus*' One after another the voices take up the theme propounded by the orchestra and lovingly meditated through a long and exquisite solo (for the blessedness reveals itself most often to the solitary spirit) by a single violin '*Benedictus, benedictus*'. And then suddenly, the music dies, the flying djinn has been rebottled. With a stupid insect-like insistence, a steel point rasps and rasps the silence

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At school, when they taught us what was technically known as English, they used to tell us to 'express in our own words' some passage from whatever play of Shakespeare was at the moment being rammed, with all its annotations—particularly the annotations—down our reluctant throats. So there we would sit, a row of inky urchins, laboriously translating 'now silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies' into 'now smart silk clothes lie in the wardrobe', or 'to be or not to be' into 'I wonder whether I ought to commit suicide or not'. When we had finished, we would hand in our papers, and the presiding pedagogue would give us marks, more or less according to the accuracy with which 'our own words' had 'expressed' the meaning of the Bard.

He ought, of course, to have given us naught all round

with a hundred lines to himself for ever having set us the silly exercise Nobody's 'own words' except those of Shakespeare himself, can possibly 'express' what Shakespeare meant The substance of a work of art is inseparable from its form, its truth and its beauty are two and yet, mysteriously, one The verbal expression of even a metaphysic or a system of ethics is very nearly as much of a work of art as a love poem The philosophy of Plato expressed in the 'own words' of Jowett is not the philosophy of Plato, nor in the 'own words' of, say Billy Sunday, is the teaching of St Paul St Paul's teaching

'Our own words' are inadequate even to express the meaning of other words, how much more inadequate, when it is a matter of rendering meanings which have their original expression in terms of music or one of the visual arts! What, for example, does music 'say'? You can buy at almost any concert an analytical programme that will tell you exactly Much too exactly, that is the trouble Every analyst has his own version Imagine Pharaoh's dream interpreted successively by Joseph, by the Egyptian soothsayers, by Freud, by Rivers, by Adler, by Jung, by Wohlgemuth it would 'say' a great many different things Not nearly so many, however, as the Fifth Symphony has been made to say in the verbiage of its analysts Not nearly so many as the Virgin of the Rocks and the Sistine Madonna have no less lyrically said

Annoyed by the verbiage and this absurd multiplicity of attributed 'meanings', some critics have protested that music and painting signify nothing but themselves, that the only things they 'say' are things, for example, about modulations and fugues, about colour values and three-dimensional forms That they say anything about human destiny or the universe at large is a notion which these purists dismiss as merely nonsensical

If the purists were right, then we should have to regard painters and musicians as monsters For it is strictly impos-

sible to be a human being and not to have views of some kind about the universe at large, very difficult to be a human being and not to express these views, at any rate by implication. Now, it is a matter of observation that painters and musicians are *not* monsters. Therefore The conclusion follows, unescapably.

It is not only in programme music and problem pictures that composers and painters express their views about the universe. The purest and most abstract artistic creations can be, in their own peculiar language, as eloquent in this respect as the most deliberately tendentious.

Compare, for example, a Virgin by Piero della Francesca with a Virgin by Tura. Two Madonnas—and the current symbolical conventions are observed by both artists. The difference, the enormous difference between the two pictures is a purely pictorial difference, a difference in the forms and their arrangement, in the disposition of the lines and planes and masses. To anyone in the least sensitive to the eloquence of pure form, the two Madonnas say utterly different things about the world.

Piero's composition is a welding together of smooth and beautifully balanced solidities. Everything in his universe is endowed with a kind of supernatural substantiality, is much more 'there' than any object of the actual world could possibly be. And how sublimely rational, in the noblest, the most humane acceptance of the word, how orderedly philosophical is the landscape, are all the inhabitants of this world! It is the creation of a god who 'ever plays the geometer'.

What does she say, this Madonna from San Sepolcro? If I have not wholly mistranslated the eloquence of Piero's forms, she is telling us of the greatness of the human spirit, of its power to rise above circumstance and dominate fate. If you were to ask her, 'How shall I be saved?' 'By Reason,' she would probably answer. And, anticipating Milton, 'Not only, not mainly upon the Cross,' she would

say, ' is Paradise regained, but in those deserts of utter solitude where man puts forth the strength of his reason to resist the fiend ' This particular mother of Christ is probably not a Christian

Turn now to Tura's picture It is fashioned out of a substance that is like the living embodiment of flame—flame-flesh, alive and sensitive and suffering His surfaces writhe away from the eye, as though shrinking, as though in pain The lines flow intricately with something of that disquieting and, you feel, magical calligraphy, which characterizes certain Tibetan paintings Look closely, feel your way into the picture, into the painter's thoughts and intuitions and emotions This man was naked and at the mercy of destiny To be able to proclaim the spirit's stoical independence, you must be able to raise your head above the flux of things, this man was sunk in it, overwhelmed He could introduce no order into his world, it remained for him a mysterious chaos, fantastically marbled with patches, now of purest heaven, now of the most excruciating hell A beautiful and terrifying world, is this Madonna's verdict, a world like the incarnation, the material projection, of Ophelia's madness There are no certainties in it but suffering and occasional happiness And as for salvation, who knows the way of salvation? There may perhaps be miracles, and there is always hope

The limits of criticism are very quickly reached When he has said ' in his own words ' as much, or rather as little, as ' own words ' can say, the critic can only refer his readers to the original work of art let them go and see for themselves Those who overstep the limit are either rather stupid, vain people, who love their ' own words ' and imagine that they can say in them more than ' own words ' are able in the nature of things to express Or else they are intelligent people who happen to be philosophers or literary artists and who find it convenient to make the criticism of other men's work a jumping-off place for their own creativity

What is true of painting is equally true of music. Music 'says things' about the world, but in specifically musical terms. Any attempt to reproduce these musical statements 'in our own words' is necessarily doomed to failure. We cannot isolate the truth contained in a piece of music, for it is a beauty-truth and inseparable from its partner. The best we can do is to indicate in the most general terms the nature of the musical beauty-truth under consideration and to refer curious truth-seekers to the original. Thus, the introduction to the *Benedictus* in the *Missa Solemnis* is a statement about the blessedness that is at the heart of things. But this is about as far as 'own words' will take us. If we were to start describing in our 'own words' exactly what Beethoven felt about this blessedness, how he conceived it, what he thought its nature to be, we should very soon find ourselves writing lyrical nonsense in the style of the analytical programme makers. Only music, and only Beethoven's music, and only this particular music of Beethoven, can tell us with any precision what Beethoven's conception of the blessedness at the heart of things actually was. If we want to know, we must listen—on a still June night, by preference, with the breathing of the invisible sea for background to the music and the scent of lime trees drifting through the darkness, like some exquisite soft harmony apprehended by another sense.

Politics and Economics

WHAT IS MONEY ?

By G D H COLE

THE outline of the present economic system given in an earlier section avoided as far as possible all complications due to the behaviour of money. It was an attempt to get behind the money form in which, in every developed country, economic transactions are actually for the most part carried on to the underlying economic realities—the real things used up in the production of wealth and the real satisfactions enjoyed in its consumption. But we can clearly no longer afford to leave money out of account, both because it is almost everywhere the habitual means of exchanging goods and services and of providing for their production, and also because the behaviour of money has evidently been a most important factor in the economic events of the past few years. Indeed there are some people who go so far as to attribute almost all our economic difficulties to the misuse of money, and hold that everything can be put right by a change in monetary policy without making any fundamental alteration in the other aspects of economic organization. These are the ‘currency cranks’ whose doctrines have at all times of economic distress exercised an extraordinary fascination over men’s minds, so that whenever anything goes wrong with the industrial system it is safe to predict that a fresh batch of infallible plans for restoring prosperity by the manipulation of money will promptly make its appearance. But

apart from the currency cranks there are many more reasonable people who attribute a large share in our present difficulties to money, and look to monetary reform more than anything else to set us once more on the road to prosperity.

This question of monetary policy is inevitably difficult for the layman to understand, and I shall accordingly be at more than the usual pains to simplify the presentation of this part of my subject. For it is so fatally easy to go stark staring mad in thinking and talking about money, and those whom the madness grips appear to become fatally incapable of talking sense on any subject. Those readers who do understand the working of the world's monetary and banking systems must therefore pardon me if I seem to be telling them a great many things which they know perfectly well already. For it is quite unsafe to assume even an elementary knowledge of how the monetary mechanism works from the great majority of people.

The first and most obvious use of money in the modern world is to pay for the things which we need to buy from day to day—clothing, food, tobacco in the retail shops, a drink or a meal in a restaurant or a public-house, a seat in a theatre or a cinema—any or all of the small expenditures which make up the daily round of the ordinary citizen. A second obvious use closely related to the first is to pay wages. The manufacturer, the housewife who employs domestic servants, all the various types of employers of labour are accustomed to pay the wages of their employees in actual money, and this money distributed in wages forms, of course, the major part of the money which is afterwards paid out by the consumers in meeting their day-to-day expenditure.

CURRENCY AND OTHER FORMS OF MONEY

The money spoken of in the last paragraph was actual money in the sense of currency—coins of silver or copper (for the world now hardly uses coins of gold) or bank-notes

made of paper Money of this kind, which is passed freely from hand to hand and acceptable everywhere within the country of issue in payment for goods and services, is usually called *currency* It is employed, as we have seen, mainly in the payment of quite small accounts, and most of it is constantly passing from hand to hand Employers get it from the banks and use it to pay wages, wage-earners spend it and thus pass it over to shop-keepers, rent-collectors, insurance agents and a host of other business people These in due course pay it back into the banks, and from the banks it issues back again to perform the same round This movement of currency from the banks into the hands of the consumers and back again is called the *circulation* of currency.

Currency, however, is no longer the only or even the main form of money in the most developed economic communities For business people settle most of their accounts one with another without using it, and even the richer consumers as a rule use it for only small day-to-day payments, and meet a large part of their expenditure without employing it at all Business accounts within a single country are usually settled by means of *cheques*, and the middle-class consumer also keeps a cheque book which he uses for the payment of most of his bills The great change that has come over the monetary systems of the world during the past hundred years consists simply in this use of cheques in place of actual currency for the settlement of an ever-increasing proportion of the total volume of monetary transactions

When, however, monetary transactions take place, not within a single country, but across national frontiers, yet another kind of money is very often brought into use All currency is national currency issued by the Government or by the banks of a particular country, and valid only within a national frontier If a man wants to make a payment outside his own country he cannot use the currency of his country for that purpose If he goes abroad on a visit he has to change his own national currency into the currency

of the country to which he travels. And if a merchant wants to pay for goods which he has bought from abroad, he also has somehow to supply himself with foreign money of one sort or another in order to make the payment. Individuals travelling abroad commonly supply themselves with actual currency of the countries which they visit, but in international trade payments are to a great extent made neither with currency nor with cheques, but with a different instrument—actually much older than the cheque—which is called the *bill of exchange*.

We shall have therefore, in our account of the monetary system, to deal not only with the currencies issued in the various countries but also with these other forms of payment—cheques and bills of exchange—which play so large a part in the world's commercial and industrial affairs. And the first thing that we must do is to get as clear as possible the differences and resemblances between these various forms of money and the relation in which cheques, bills of exchange and other substitutes for currency stand to the coins and notes which these other instruments of payment somehow represent.

TOKEN MONEY

Let us begin with currency, and let us confine ourselves in the first instance to a single country, without considering the complications of the exchange of one national currency for another. The currency of a country consists, as we have seen, of coins made of metal and of bank-notes or occasionally government notes made of paper. By far the greater part of this supply of currency is *token* money—that is to say it possesses no intrinsic worth corresponding to the money value stamped or printed upon it. It acquires its value, its power to purchase goods and services, from the circumstances under which it is issued. At one time, indeed, this was not supposed to be the case. Currency consisted of an actual weight of metal and the stamp upon it, and thus

metal was supposed to possess real value corresponding to the value inscribed upon its face. For metal has a value of its own just like any other commodity, and this value depends on the demand for it in relation to its cost of production. But never, in fact, has the whole monetary circulation of any country really consisted of currency possessing an intrinsic or commodity value corresponding to the value assigned to it by the authority responsible for its issue. For, even if coins at the time of their issue do possess such an intrinsic value, they lose weight by wear and tear, and yet up to a point continue to pass current as if they retained their original intrinsic worth. There has, indeed, in the past, often come a point at which the currency has been so lessened in weight by wear and tear or by deliberate clipping that men have no longer been willing to accept it at its face value and have insisted on being paid by weight and not by tally. For many centuries this problem of the debasement of currency was one of the major financial problems of the civilized world. Moreover, debasement took place not only through wear and tear, and through the activities of clippers, but also by the action of Governments themselves. For it was an obvious expedient for a needy Government wanting to raise the wind to pay its debts in money that was worth less than the value which the Government itself caused to be inscribed on its face. But for many centuries, in theory at least, the currency circulating in the hands of the public was not token money but actual metal deemed to possess an intrinsic value corresponding to that of the goods it was used to purchase, usually minus a small charge or seigniorage made for its issue by the Government concerned. Gradually, in order to prevent clipping, improvements were introduced into the design of coins. Milled edges, for example, were largely effective in defeating the clipper, and gold owes its pre-eminence as the metal of which the most valuable currencies are made not only to its scarcity and high intrinsic value but also to its ability to stand wear and tear with the minimum of loss.

All through the Middle Ages Western Europe was perpetually short of currency—short, that is, of the metals of which currency is made. This shortage had a powerful effect in keeping down prices for, if a limited supply of money had to be used to buy an increasing quantity of goods, prices were bound to be low. Each piece of money had to buy more goods than before, as the supply of goods increased. The discovery of America and the vast influx of the precious metals from the New World caused a tremendous rise of prices throughout Europe and was accountable for many of the economic upsets and social disturbances of the following century. Similarly in the nineteenth century the discovery of new goldfields in California and Australia about 1850, and the opening up of the South African goldfield towards the end of the century, both caused a sharp rise in the price level. Some people think that to-day the root of our trouble lies in the failure of the gold supply to expand in the right proportion to the recent growth of the world's productive power.

What has been said so far would seem to suggest that the intrinsic value of the metal used as currency is after all a matter of fundamental importance. For clearly a shortage of gold or silver would not matter if it were within the power of Governments to meet it merely by reducing the intrinsic value of the coins in circulation by alloying the precious with baser and less valuable metal. The fact is, that, up to quite recent times, the intrinsic value of the money in circulation did matter, and the power of Governments to give the money which they issued a purchasing power in excess of the value of the metal embodied in it was narrowly limited. For the coins actually in circulation were not exchangeable into anything else except the goods which they could be used to buy, and men could not therefore be prevented from putting their own valuation upon them in accordance with the intrinsic worth of the metal which they contained. But to-day it is safe to say that the intrinsic value of the coins

and other forms of currency in circulation does not matter a jot, and it is of the greatest importance to understand how this change in men's attitude to money has come about.

BANK-NOTES

We shall understand it most easily if we consider for a moment the nature not of coins made of metal, but of the other form of currency most in use in the modern world—the bank-note. The bank-note is in its origin simply a promise to pay—a promise by the bank which issues it to pay in actual metal coins on demand to its possessor the amount written on its face. The value of a bank-note therefore depended essentially on the confidence felt by those through whose hands it passed that the issuing bank would, if called upon, actually redeem its promise. In Great Britain little more than a century ago bank-notes were being issued not only by the Bank of England but by local or 'country' banks in all the leading provincial towns. Some of these banks were large stable concerns, with ample resources behind them, whose promises to pay were generally trusted, but many others were mushroom concerns which had sprung up in response to the demand for an additional supply of currency that arose clamantly during the Napoleonic Wars. For at that time prices were increasing fast, and the expansion of productive activity following upon the Industrial Revolution was in full swing. In those days most bank-notes had only a local circulation. They were only acceptable within a relatively small area within which a particular bank was known, and quite often a bank-note might be worth less for the purpose of buying goods than its face value, because of a lack of confidence in the solvency of the particular bank which had issued it. There were, in fact, a good many bank failures, and many unfortunate people found themselves in possession of paper money which had lost all its value. Gradually the inconveniences of this situation were realized, and steps were taken to concentrate the

issue of bank-notes as nearly as possible in the hands of a single bank Under the Bank Charter Act of 1844 the Bank of England secured, not indeed a monopoly of note issue, but something approaching it, for the issues of the country banks were limited to the amount of notes actually outstanding at the time to their names, and provision was made for the gradual extinction of these country issues, only the leading Scottish banks retaining a separate and limited right of note issue

In England the bank-note thus came to be a promise by the Bank of England to make payment, and the stability of the Bank of England came to be generally regarded as a guarantee that this payment would actually be made whenever the possessor of a bank-note wanted actual gold in exchange for it But this security was procured only by limiting the right of the Bank of England to issue notes The Bank was not allowed to issue as many notes as it chose For the most part it had to have actual gold in its cellars as a backing and guarantee of exchangeability for its notes, and the amount in notes which it was allowed to issue in excess of its stock of gold was strictly limited to £14,000,000—a sum gradually increased to nearly £20,000,000 as the note issues of the country banks lapsed into its hands Apart from this £20,000,000, every note issued by the Bank of England was backed by an equivalent in actual gold lying in the cellars of the Bank, and there was accordingly under normal conditions no doubt at all about the Bank's ability to pay out gold in exchange for its notes There did indeed remain the possibility in time of panic of such a run on the Bank as would completely exhaust its gold stock, and several times after the passing of the Bank Charter Act the obligation of the Bank to pay out gold had to be temporarily suspended at moments of financial crisis Normally, however, there was no doubt of the Bank's ability to pay, and people came to regard the Bank of England note as fully equivalent to the gold which it effectively represented

Indeed, the value of the Bank of England note under the new conditions was a good deal more secure than that of the actual gold coins which had circulated in earlier times. For the Bank promised to pay out gold in exchange for its notes at full weight, and there was no risk of loss through having to accept debased coins. Bank-notes thus came to circulate quite freely side by side with money made of metal, and the bank-note with an adequate guarantee of exchangeability behind it gradually got people out of the habit of thinking that it was necessary for their money to possess an intrinsic value corresponding to its purchasing power.

THE FREE MAN AND THE FORD CAR

By G K CHESTERTON

I AM not a fanatic, and I think that machines may be of considerable use in destroying machinery. I should generously accord them a considerable value in the work of exterminating all that they represent. But to put the truth in those terms is to talk in terms of the remote conclusion of our slow and reasonable revolution. In the immediate situation the same truth may be stated in a more moderate way. Towards all typical things of our time we should have a rational charity. Machinery is not wrong, it is only absurd. Perhaps we should say it is merely childish, and can even be taken in the right spirit by a child. If, therefore, we find that some machine enables us to escape from an inferno of machinery, we cannot be committing a sin though we may be cutting a silly figure, like a dragoon rejoining his regiment on an old bicycle. What is essential is to realize that there is something ridiculous about the present position, something wilder than any Utopia. For instance, I shall have occasion here to note the proposal of centralized electricity, and we could justify the use of it so long as we see the joke of it. But, in fact, we do not even see the joke of the waterworks and the water company. It is almost too broadly comic that an essential of life like water should be pumped to us from nobody knows where, by nobody knows whom, sometimes nearly a hundred miles away. It is every bit as funny as if air were pumped to us from miles away, and we all walked about like divers.

at the bottom of the sea The only reasonable person is the peasant who owns his own well But we have a long way to go before we begin to think about being reasonable

There are at present some examples of centralization of which the effects may work for decentralization An obvious case is that recently discussed in connection with a common plant of electricity I think it is broadly true that if electricity could be cheapened, the chances of a very large number of small, independent shops, especially workshops, would be greatly improved. At the same time, there is no doubt at all that such dependence for essential power on a central plant is a real dependence, and is therefore a defect in any complete scheme of independence On this point I imagine that many Distributists might differ considerably, but, speaking for myself, I am inclined to follow the more moderate and provisional policy that I have suggested more than once in this place I think the first necessity is to make sure of any small properties obtaining any success in any decisive or determining degree Above all, I think it is vital to create the experience of small property, the psychology of small property, the sort of man who is a small proprietor When once men of that sort exist, they will decide, in a manner very different from any modern mob, how far the central power-house is to dominate their own private house, or whether it need dominate at all They will perhaps discover the way of breaking up and individualizing that power They will sacrifice, if there is any need to sacrifice, even the help of science to the hunger for possession So that I am disposed at the moment to accept any help that science and machinery can give in creating small property, without in the least bowing down to such superstitions where they only destroy it But we must keep in mind the peasant ideal as the motive and the goal, and most of those who offer us mechanical help seem to be blankly ignorant of what we regard it as helping A well-

known name will illustrate both the thing being done and the man being ignorant of what he is doing

The other day I found myself in a Ford car, like that in which I remember riding over Palestine, and in which (I suppose) Mr Ford would enjoy riding over Palestinians. Anyhow, it reminded me of Mr Ford, and that reminded me of Mr Penty and his views upon equality and mechanical civilization. The Ford car (if I may venture on one of those new ideas urged upon us in newspapers) is a typical product of the age. The best thing about it is the thing for which it is despised, that it is small. The worst thing about it is the thing for which it is praised, that it is standardized. Its smallness is, of course, the subject of endless American jokes, about the man catching a Ford like a fly or possibly a flea. But nobody seems to notice how this popularization of motoring (however wrong in motive or in method) really is a complete contradiction to the fantastic talk about inevitable combination and concentration. The railway is fading before our eyes—birds nesting, as it were, in the railway signals, and wolves howling, as it were, in the waiting-room. And the railway really was a communal and concentrated mode of travelling like that in a Utopia of the Socialists. The free and solitary traveller is returning before our very eyes, not always (it is true) equipped with scrip or scallop, but having recovered to some extent the freedom of the King's highway in the manner of Merry England. Nor is this the only ancient thing such travel has revived. While Mugby Junction neglected its refreshment-rooms, Hugby-in-the-Hole has revived its inns. To that limited extent the Ford motor is already a reversion to the free man. If he has not three acres and a cow, he has the very inadequate substitute of three hundred miles and a car. I do not mean that this development satisfies my theories. But I do say that it destroys other people's theories, all the theories about the collective thing as a thing of the future and the individual thing as a thing of the past. Even in

their own special and stinking way of science and machinery, the facts are very largely going against their theories

Yet I have never seen Mr Ford and his little car really and intelligently praised for this. I have often, of course, seen him praised for all the conveniences of what is called standardization. The argument seems to be more or less to this effect. When your car breaks down with a loud crash in the middle of Salisbury Plain, though it is not very likely that any fragments of other ruined motor-cars will be lying about amid the ruins of Stonehenge, yet if they are, it is a great advantage to think that they will probably be of the same pattern, and you can take them to mend your own car. The same principle applies to persons motoring in Tibet, and exulting in the reflection that if another motorist from the United States did happen to come along, it would be possible to exchange wheels or foot-brakes in token of amity. I may not have got the details of the argument quite correct, but the general point of it is that if anything goes wrong with parts of a machine, they can be replaced with identical machinery. And anyhow the argument could be carried much further, and used to explain a great many other things. I am not sure that it is not the clue to many mysteries of the age. I begin to understand, for instance, why magazine stories are all exactly alike, it is ordered so that when you have left one magazine in a railway carriage in the middle of a story called 'Pansy Eyes', you may go on with exactly the same story in another magazine under the title of 'Dandelion Locks'. It explains why all leading articles on the Future of the Churches are exactly the same, so that we may begin reading the article in the *Daily Chronicle* and finish it in the *Daily Express*. It explains why all the public utterances urging us to prefer new things to old never by any chance say anything new, they mean that we should go to a new paper-stall and read it in a new newspaper. This is why all American caricatures repeat themselves like a mathematical pattern, it means that when

we have torn off a part of the picture to wrap up sandwiches, we can tear off a bit of another picture and it will always fit in. And this is also why American millionaires all look exactly alike, so that when the bright, resolute expression of one of them has led us to do serious damage to his face with a heavy blow of the fist, it is always possible to mend it with noses and jaw-bones taken from other millionaires who are exactly similarly constituted.

Such are the advantages of standardization, but, as may be suspected, I think the advantages are exaggerated, and I agree with Mr. Penty in doubting whether all this repetition really corresponds with human nature. But a very interesting question was raised by Mr. Ford's remarks on the difference between men and men, and his suggestion that most men preferred mechanical action or were only fitted for it. About all those arguments affecting human equality, I myself always have one feeling, which finds expression in a little test of my own. I shall begin to take seriously those classifications of superiority and inferiority, when I find a man classifying himself as inferior. It will be noted that Mr. Ford does not say that *he* is only fitted to mind machines, he confesses frankly that he is too fine and free and fastidious a being for such tasks. I shall believe the doctrine when I hear somebody say 'I have only got the wits to turn a wheel'. That would be real, that would be realistic, that would be scientific. That would be independent testimony that could not easily be disputed. It is exactly the same, of course, with all the other superiorities and denials of human equality that are so specially characteristic of a scientific age. It is so with the men who talk about superior and inferior races, I never heard a man say 'Anthropology shows that I belong to an inferior race'. If he did, he might be talking like an anthropologist, as it is, he is talking like a man, and not infrequently like a fool. I have long hoped that I might some day hear a man explaining on scientific principles his own unfitness for any

important post or privilege, say 'The world should belong to the free and fighting races, and not to persons of that servile disposition that you will notice in myself', the intelligent will know how to form opinions, but the weakness of intellect from which I so obviously suffer renders my opinions manifestly absurd on the face of them. there are indeed stately and godlike races—but look at me! Observe my shapeless and fourth-rate features! Gaze, if you can bear it, on my commonplace and repulsive face!' If I heard a man making a scientific demonstration in that style, I might admit that he was really scientific. But as it invariably happens, by a curious coincidence, that the superior race is his own race, the superior type is his own type, and the superior preference for work the sort of work he happens to prefer—I have come to the conclusion that there is a simpler explanation.

Now Mr Ford is a good man, so far as it is consistent with being a good millionaire. But he himself will very well illustrate where the fallacy of his argument lies. It is probably quite true that, in the making of motors, there are a hundred men who can work a motor and only one man who can design a motor. But of the hundred men who could work a motor, it is very probable that one could design a garden, another design a charade, another design a practical joke or a derisive picture of Mr Ford. I do not mean, of course, in anything I say here, to deny differences of intelligence, or to suggest that equality (a thing wholly religious) depends on any such impossible denial. But I do mean, that men are nearer to a level than anybody will discover by setting them all to make one particular kind of runabout clock. Now Mr Ford himself is a man of defiant limitations. He is so indifferent to history, for example, that he calmly admitted in the witness-box that he had never heard of Benedict Arnold. An American who has never heard of Benedict Arnold is like a Christian who has never heard of Judas Iscariot. He is rare. I believe that Mr Ford indicated

in a general way that he thought that Benedict Arnold was the same as Arnold Bennett. Not only is this not the case, but it is an error to suppose that there is no importance in such an error. If he were to find himself, in the heat of some controversy, accusing Mr. Arnold Bennett, of having betrayed the American President and ravaged the South with an Anti-American army, Mr. Bennett might bring an action. If Mr. Ford were to suppose that the lady who recently wrote revelations in the *Daily Express* was old enough to be the widow of Benedict Arnold, the lady might bring an action. Now it is not impossible that among the workmen whom Mr. Ford perceives (probably quite truly) to be only suited to the mechanical part of the construction of mechanical things, there might be a man who was fond of reading all the history he could lay his hands on, and who had advanced step by step, by painful efforts of self-education, until the difference between Benedict Arnold and Arnold Bennett was quite clear in his mind. If his employer did not care about the difference, of course, he would not consult him about the difference, and the man would remain to all appearance a cog in the machine, there would be no reason for finding out that he was a rather cogitating cog. Anybody who knows anything of modern business knows that there are any number of such men who remain in subordinate and obscure positions because their private tastes and talents have no relation to the very stupid business in which they are engaged. If Mr. Ford extends his business over the Solar System, and gives cars to the Martians and the Man in the Moon, he will not be an inch nearer to the mind of the man who is working his machine for him, and thinking about something more sensible. Now all human things are imperfect, but the condition in which such hobbies and secondary talents do to some extent come out is the condition of small independence. The peasant almost always runs two or three side-shows and lives on a variety of crafts and expedients. The village shopkeeper

will shave travellers and stuff weasels and grow cabbages and do half a dozen such things, keeping a sort of balance in his life like the balance of sanity in the soul. The method is not perfect, but it is more intelligent than turning him into a machine in order to find out whether he has a soul above machinery.

Upon this point of immediate compromise with machinery, therefore, I am inclined to conclude that it is quite right to use the existing machines in so far as they do create a psychology that can despise machines, but not if they create a psychology that respects them. The Ford car is an excellent illustration of the question, even better than the other illustration I have given of an electrical supply for small workshops. If possessing a Ford car means rejoicing in a Ford car, it is melancholy enough, it does not bring us much farther than Tooting or rejoicing in a Tooting tramcar. But if possessing a Ford car means rejoicing in a field of corn or clover, in a fresh landscape and a free atmosphere, it may be the beginning of many things—and even the end of many things. It may be, for instance, the end of the car and the beginning of the cottage. Thus we might almost say that the final triumph of Mr Ford is not when the man gets into the car, but when he enthusiastically falls out of the car. It is when he finds somewhere, in remote and rural corners that he could not normally have reached, that perfect poise and combination of hedge and tree and meadow in the presence of which any modern machine seems suddenly to look an absurdity, yes, even an antiquated absurdity. Probably that happy man, having found the place of his true home, will proceed joyfully to break up the car with a large hammer, putting its iron fragments for the first time to some real use, as kitchen utensils or garden tools. That is using a scientific instrument in the proper way, for it is using it as an instrument. The man has used modern machinery to escape from modern society, and the reason and rectitude of such a course

commends itself instantly to the mind. It is not so with the weaker brethren who are not content to trust Mr. Ford's car, but also trust Mr. Ford's creed. If accepting the car means accepting the philosophy I have just criticized, the notion that some men are born to make cars, or rather small bits of cars, then it will be far more worthy of a philosopher to say frankly that men never needed to have cars at all. It is only because the man had been sent into exile in a railway-train that he has to be brought back home in a motor-car. It is only because all machinery has been used to put things wrong that some machinery may now be rightly used to put things right. But I conclude upon the whole that it may so be used, and my reason is that which I considered on a previous page under 'The Chance of Recovery'. I pointed out that our ideal is so sane and simple, so much in accord with the ancient and general instincts of men, that when once it is given a chance anywhere it will improve that chance by its own inner vitality, because there is some reaction towards health whenever disease is removed. The man who has used his car to find his farm will be more interested in the farm than in the car, certainly more interested than in the shop where he once bought the car. Nor will Mr. Ford always woo him back to that shop, even by telling him tenderly that he is not fitted to be a lord of land, a rider of horses, or a ruler of cattle; since his deficient intellect and degraded anthropological type fit him only for mean and mechanical operations. If anyone will try saying this (tenderly, of course) to any considerable number of large farmers, who have lived for some time on their own farms with their own families, he will discover the defects of the approach.

SCIENTIFIC GOVERNMENT

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

WHEN I speak of scientific government I ought, perhaps, to explain what I mean by the term. I do not mean simply a government composed of men of science. There were many men of science in the government of Napoleon, including Laplace, who, however, proved so incompetent that he had to be dismissed in a very short time. I should not consider Napoleon's government scientific while it contained Laplace, or unscientific when it lost him. I should define a government as in a greater or less degree scientific in proportion as it can produce intended results: the greater the number of results that it can both intend and produce, the more scientific it is. The framers of the American Constitution, for example, were scientific in safeguarding private property, but unscientific in attempting to introduce a system of indirect election for the Presidency. The governments which made the Great War were unscientific, since they all fell during the course of it. There was, however, one exception, namely Serbia, which was completely scientific, as the result of the War was exactly what was intended by the Serbian government which was in power at the time of the Sarajevo murders.

Owing to the increase of knowledge, it is possible for governments nowadays to achieve many more intended results than were possible in former times, and it is likely that before very long results which even now are impossible will become possible. The total abolition of poverty, for

example, is at the present moment technically possible, that is to say, known methods of production, if wisely organized, would suffice to produce enough goods to keep the whole population of the globe in tolerable comfort. But although this is technically possible, it is not yet psychologically possible. International competition, class antagonisms, and the anarchic system of private enterprise stand in the way, and to remove these obstacles is no light task. The diminution of disease is a purpose which in Western nations encounters fewer obstacles and has therefore been more successfully pursued, but to this purpose also there are great obstacles throughout Asia. Eugenics, except in the form of sterilization of the feeble-minded, is not yet practical politics, but may become so within the next fifty years.

All these are things which, as soon as they become clearly feasible, will make a great appeal to energetic and practical idealists. Most idealists are a mixture of two types, which we may call respectively the dreamer and the manipulator. The pure dreamer is a lunatic, the pure manipulator is a man who cares only for personal power, but the idealist lives in an intermediate position between the two extremes. Sometimes the dreamer preponderates, sometimes the manipulator. William Morris found pleasure in dreaming of 'News from Nowhere', Lenin found no satisfaction until he could clothe his ideas in a garment of reality. Both types of idealist desire a world different from that in which they find themselves, but the manipulator feels strong enough to create it, while the dreamer, feeling baffled, takes refuge in fantasy. It is the manipulative type of idealist who will create the scientific society. Of such men, in our own day, Lenin is the archetype. The manipulative idealist differs from the man of merely personal ambition by the fact that he desires not only certain things for himself, but a certain kind of society. Cromwell would not have been content to have been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in succession

to Strafford, or Archbishop of Canterbury in succession to Laud. It was essential to his happiness that England should be a certain sort of country, not merely that he should be prominent in it. It is this element of impersonal desire which distinguishes the idealist from other men. For men of this type there has been in Russia since the Revolution more scope than in any other country at any other time, and the more scientific technique is perfected the more scope there will be for them everywhere. I fully expect, therefore, that men of this sort will have a predominant part to play in moulding the world during the next two hundred years.

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The future which I foresee is, to begin with, only very partially in agreement with my own wishes. I find pleasure in splendid individuals rather than in powerful organizations, and I fear that the place for splendid individuals will be much more restricted in the future than in the past. Apart from this purely personal opinion, it is easy to imagine ways in which the world might acquire a scientific government such as I am supposing. It is clear that in the next great war Europe will go to pieces. Probably the population will be halved, and the surviving half will be in a condition of anarchic despair. In these circumstances it will rest with the United States to make the world safe for plutocracy. An essential step in this process will be the acquisition of a considerable measure of control over Europe. Dawes Plans and Young Plans, more drastic than those imposed on Germany in recent years, will be imposed upon Europe as a whole, scientific experts will be employed to make Europeans work and to introduce the most up-to-date organization and technique. American marines will occupy the site of what had been London, and sky-scrapers will be erected over the ruins of St Paul's. In this way a World Government will come about, in which the power

will belong to great plutocrats, but will be largely delegated by them to experts of various types. It may be assumed that the plutocrats, having become soft, will gradually become lazy. Like the Merovingian kings, they will allow their powers to be usurped by the less lordly experts, and gradually these experts will come to form the real government of the world. I imagine them forming a close corporation, regulated partly by opinion so long as their government is challenged, but chosen later on by means of examinations, intelligence-tests, and tests of willpower.

The society of experts which I am imagining will embrace all eminent men of science except a few wrong-headed and anarchical cranks. It will possess the sole up-to-date armaments, and will be the repository of all new secrets in the art of war. There will, therefore, be no more war, since resistance by the unscientific will be doomed to obvious failure. The society of experts will control propaganda and education. It will teach loyalty to the world government, and make nationalism high treason. The government, being an oligarchy, will instil submissiveness into the great bulk of the population, confining initiative and the habit of command to its own members. It is possible that it may invent ingenious ways of concealing its own power, keeping the forms of democracy intact, and allowing the plutocrats to imagine that they are cleverly controlling these forms. Gradually, however, as the plutocrats become stupid through laziness, they will lose their wealth, it will pass more and more into public ownership and be controlled by the government of experts. Thus, whatever the outward forms may be, all real power will come to be concentrated in the hands of those who understand the art of scientific manipulation.

All this is, of course, a fancy picture, and whatever really happens in the future is likely to be something which cannot be foreseen. It may be that a scientific civilization will be found essentially unstable. There are several reasons which

make this a not unpalatable view. The most obvious of these is war. It happens that recent innovations in the art of war have increased the power of the attack much more than the power of the defence, and there seems no likelihood that the arts of defence will be able to recover lost ground before the next great war. There are those who say that in the next great war nobody will be allowed to be neutral. If that is so, the only hope for the survival of civilization is that some one nation will be sufficiently remote from the theatre of operations and sufficiently strong to emerge with its social structure undestroyed. The United States has the best chance of occupying this position, China also has a certain chance, because of its vast population, and of its capacity of enduring anarchy. If these two nations share the universal disintegration which the next war is almost certain to produce in Europe, it is likely to be many centuries before civilization returns to its present level. Even if America survives intact, it will be necessary to set about at once organizing the world government, since civilization could not be expected to survive the shock of yet another world war. In such circumstances, the most important force on the side of civilization will be the desire of American investors to find safe investments in the devastated countries of the old world. Should they be content with investments in their own continent, the outlook would be black indeed.

Another reason for doubting the stability of a scientific civilization is to be derived from the fall of the birth-rate. The most intelligent classes in the most scientific nations are dying out, and the Western nations as a whole do not do much more than reproduce their own numbers. Unless very radical measures are adopted, the white population of the world will soon begin to diminish. The French have already been led to depend upon African troops, and if the white population dwindles there will be an increasing tendency to leave the rough work to the men of other races.

In the long run this will lead to mutinies, and reduce Europe to the condition of Haiti. In such circumstances it would be left to China and Japan to carry on our scientific civilization, but in proportion as they acquire it, they, too, will acquire a lowered birth-rate. It is therefore impossible for a scientific civilization to be stable unless artificial methods are adopted for stimulating breeding. There are powerful obstacles in the way of adoption of such methods, both financial and sentimental. In this matter, as in the matter of war, scientific civilization will have to become more scientific if it is to escape destruction. Whether it will become more scientific with sufficient rapidity it is impossible to foresee.

We have seen that scientific civilization demands world-wide organization if it is to be stable. We have considered the possibility of such an organization in matters of government. We shall now consider it in the economic sphere. At present, production is organized as far as possible nationally by means of tariff walls, every nation tries to produce at home as much as possible of the goods that it consumes. This tendency is on the increase, and even Great Britain, which has hitherto aimed at maximizing its exports by means of Free Trade, appears to be on the point of abandoning this policy in favour of comparative economic isolation.

It is, of course, clear that, from a purely economic point of view, it is wasteful to organize production nationally rather than internationally. It would be an economy if all the motor-cars used throughout the world were manufactured in Detroit. That is to say, a car of given excellence could be produced with less expense of human labour in that case than it can at present. In a world scientifically organized, most industrial products would be thus localized. There would be one place for making pins and needles, another place for making scissors and knives, another place for making aeroplanes, and yet another for agricultural

machinery When, if ever, the world government that we have considered comes into being, one of its first tasks will be the international organization of production. Production will no longer be left, as at present, to private enterprise, but will be undertaken solely in accordance with government orders. This is already the case with such things as battleships, because in regard to efficiency it is thought to be important, but in most matters production is left to the chaotic impulses of private manufacturers who make too much of some things and too little of others, with the result that there is poverty in the midst of unused plenty. The industrial plant at present existing in the world is in many directions far in excess of the world's needs. By eliminating competition and concentrating production in a single concern, all this waste could be avoided.

The control of raw materials is a matter which in any scientific society would be governed by a central authority. At present the important raw materials are controlled by military power. The weak nation possessed of oil soon finds itself under the suzerainty of some stronger nation. The Transvaal lost its independence because it contained gold. Raw materials ought not to belong to those who, by conquest or diplomacy, have happened to acquire the territory in which they are, they ought to belong to a world authority which would ration them to those who had the most skill in utilizing them. Moreover, our present economic system causes everybody to be wasteful of raw materials, since there is no motive for foresight. In a scientific world the supply of any vital raw material will be carefully estimated, and as the moment of its exhaustion approaches scientific research will be directed to the discovery of a substitute.

Agriculture, for reasons which we considered in an earlier chapter, may have less importance in the future than it has at present, and has had in the past. We shall have not only

artificial silk but artificial wool and artificial timber and artificial rubber. In time we may have artificial food. But in the meantime agriculture will become more and more industrialized, both in its methods and in the mentality of those who practise it. American and Canadian agriculturists have already the industrial mentality, not the mentality of the patient peasant. Machinery will, of course, be increasingly employed. In the neighbourhood of large urban markets intensive cultivation with artificial methods of warming the soil will yield many crops every year. Here and there throughout the countryside there will be large power stations forming the nucleus around which the population will cluster. Of agricultural mentality, as it has been known since ancient times, nothing will survive, since the soil and even the climate will be subject to human control.

It may be assumed that every man and woman will be obliged to work, and will be taught a new trade if for any reason work at the old trade is no longer required. The pleasantest work, of course, will be that which gives the most control over the mechanism. The posts giving most power will presumably be awarded to the ablest men as a result of intelligence tests. For entirely inferior work negroes will be employed wherever possible. One may, I suppose, assume that the more desirable kinds of work will be more highly paid than the less desirable kinds, since they will require more skill. The society will not be one in which there is equality, although I doubt whether the inequalities will be hereditary except as between different races, i.e. between white and coloured labour. Everybody will be comfortable, and those who occupy the better-paid posts will be able to enjoy considerable luxury. There will not be, as at present, fluctuations of good and bad times, for these are merely the result of our anarchic economic system. Nobody will starve, and nobody will suffer the economic anxieties which at present beset rich and poor

alike. On the other hand, life will be destitute of adventure except for the most highly paid experts. Ever since civilization began men have been seeking security more avidly than they have sought anything else. In such a world they will have it, but I am not quite sure whether they will think it worth the price that they will have paid for it.

NOTES

THE RINGWELL HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE

Cockbird The name of Sherston's horse
'Boots' Brownrigg was in the 'Blues' The Royal Horse Guards are called 'the Blues' from their wearing blue cloaks and tunics

TWO GLIMPSES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

the Empress Eugenie the Second Empire The Empress Eugenie was consort of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, who founded the Second Empire in France in 1852 (the First Empire was that founded by Napoleon I) The Second Empire lasted till the defeat of the French by the Prussians in 1870, after which Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie crossed to England and lived at Chislehurst After Napoleon III's death, the Empress lived at Farnborough, dying as late as 1920

Lord Beaconsfield Perhaps better known as Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield became Prime Minister first in 1868 He was leader of the Conservative party and personally a great favourite of Queen Victoria

RE-AGENTS

Conrad Joseph Conrad, by birth a Pole, followed the sea for a number of years and was master of a merchant ship He settled in England, through admiration of the country, and wrote a number of novels rich in description of the sea and of strange parts of the world He is one of the very few foreigners to become a classic in English (though he thought in French)

Crane Stephen Crane, novelist and short-story writer, remembered mainly for his *Red Badge of Courage*

hennins, cotes, surmantels Articles of mediaeval dress. A hennin was a high headdress of conical shape draped with a hanging veil and worn by great ladies in France in the fifteenth century

James Henry James (1843-1916), American by birth but long settled in England and becoming a British subject in 1915. He wrote many novels of a distinctive character, admired by a 'fit audience, though few', and received the high honour of the Order of Merit a few months before his death

our late Armageddon The Great War 1914-1918, called Armageddon from Rev. xvi. 16, describing the final struggle between the forces of good and evil

D. G. Rossetti *Mr. Richard le Gallienne* Rossetti (1828-1882) was both painter and poet and in both arts loved richness of expression. He belonged to a group of artists known as Pre-Raphaelites because they upheld the ideals of mediaeval Italian painting before Raphael. A successor of this group or 'school' was le Gallienne, of whose novels *The Forest Lovers* is the best known

His name being also Crane This is Walter Crane (1845-1915), whose draughtsmanship was much admired a generation ago

THE SAD STORY OF DR. COLBATCH

Hesychius A Greek grammarian of Alexandria of the fifth century A.D., the author of a Greek dictionary highly valued for the study of Greek dialects

Dr. Hody Lived from 1659 to 1707. From 1698 he was Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford

Graevius Great German scholar of Greek (1613-1703). The remaining names are all of Continental scholars of Greek, who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries commonly Latinized their names. The German name of Graevius, for example, was Greffe or Grave

Scaliger, Casaubon Scaliger (1540-1609), an Italian and descended from the great ruling house Della Scala of Verona, has been called the greatest scholar of Greek in modern times. Casaubon (1559-1614) was a famous French scholar of Greek, and became a naturalized Englishman

Epistles of Phalaris Phalaris was Tyrant—absolute ruler—of Agrigentum in Sicily from 570 to 559 B.C. A series of *Letters*, in Greek, were long attributed to him, and in 1695 the Hon. Charles

Boyle, a Greek scholar of Oxford and afterwards Earl of Orrery, brought out an edition of the *Letters* attributing them definitely to Phalaris Bentley (1662-1702) published in 1697 a Dissertation on Phalaris, proving conclusively that the *Letters* were not by Phalaris but a much later fabrication

Lord Carteret 1610-1680, a great supporter of Charles I and Charles II After the Restoration of 1660 he became Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household and Treasurer of the Navy

Lord Townshend 1630-1687, also a figure of importance at the Court of Charles II

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

'*Hudibras*' and '*Foxe's Martyrs*' The *Hudibras* (in three parts from 1663 to 1678) of Samuel Butler (1612-1680) is a scathing satire in verse on Puritan fanaticism of the time John Foxe (1516-1587) published in 1563 his *Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days*, always known as the *Book of Martyrs*, relating and describing the sufferings of Protestant martyrs especially under Queen Mary The book was fiercely Protestant and had a long and tremendous vogue If the country squire's views on Puritans and Papists coincided with those expressed in these books means that he heartily detested religious fanaticism, whether Protestant or Catholic, but believed in moderation

Voltaire The greatest French man of letters in the eighteenth century, famous for his subtle and satiric attack on all authority save that of reason, which led towards the French Revolution

Shaftesbury Anthony Ashley Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), the favourite philosopher of Queen Anne's Age, while resisting religious fanaticism and advising tolerance and perfect religious liberty, encouraged a belief in the unselfish instincts of man and in the beauty of the harmony between human feelings and nature

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 1689-1762, wife of the British Ambassador to Turkey, made known the Turkish world to English readers and is also well known for her Letters to her daughter Lady Bute

Squire Western One of the chief characters in *Tom Jones*, the best-known novel of Fielding, the second in time, after Richardson, of our great novelists

the 'Spectator' The great journal, published twice a week during 1711 and 1712, in which Addison and Steele wrote essays bringing a knowledge of literature to the world of society and encouraging sympathy and understanding between gentlemen of the town and of the country

Thackeray 'Esmond' *Esmond* (1852) is the novel of W M Thackeray (1811-1863) which pictures in the most lively way the life of Society in Queen Anne's reign

PRE-WAR SPEEDING UP

his Coburg grandfather Albert the Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria, was a German of the House of Coburg and famous for his high conception of Royal duty and responsibility

the quarrel between the two Houses From 1906 an overwhelming Liberal majority in the House of Commons passed a number of Bills which were as regularly rejected by the House of Lords with its permanent Conservative majority. A struggle developed between the two Houses which had reached a crisis by 1911

the Home Rule controversy One of the plans of the Liberal majority in the Commons was to give Home Rule to Ireland, a plan strenuously resisted by the Conservatives in both Houses and causing another serious conflict in the State

Job Charnock's comparatively modern settlement Calcutta, the seat of the Government of India before 1911, is supposed to have originated in an early settlement of English pioneers led by Job Charnock

partition of the Bengal Province Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India at the turn of the twentieth century, divided Bengal into two provinces—Eastern and Western Bengal—for greater convenience of administration. This partition practically gave half the province to Mohammedans, who were in a great majority in that part, which deeply angered the Hindus, who regarded Bengal as a whole as theirs

an Anthology *Georgian Verse*, the first volume of which was published in 1911, gave selections of the verse of contemporary English poets

the Prince Regent Later George IV, ruled England in the second decade of the nineteenth century during his father George III's insanity

THE MIND OF BIRDS

Edmund Selous Big-game hunter and naturalist in Africa of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries

SCIENCE AND GENERAL IDEAS

Aristotle 384-322 B C Greek philosopher and master of all the sciences of his time

Galileo d 1642, Italian mathematician and astronomer, who first in Europe propounded the view that the sun, not the earth, is the centre of our planetary system

BIOCHEMISTRY AND MR. GANDHI

Mr Gandhi Indian ascetic and political leader, first became famous for his defence of the rights of Indian settlers in the Orange Free State and Transvaal, then turned to politics in India and led the Home Rule movement there. In 1920 he led a Non-Co-operation movement, advising Indians not to pay taxes to the British Government nor take part in any of the work of administration, and in 1930 led a second movement beginning with a refusal to pay the Salt Tax, salt being a monopoly of the Government.

Swaraj The translation into Hindi of the word 'self-government'. It was the aim of Gandhi and the Indian Nationalists to attain complete self-government in India for Indians, and their movement was called the Swaraj movement.

toddy from fermented palm-juice The palm from which toddy is made is not the coconut palm but another kind of palm, called 'tada', from which we have made the word *toddy*. Freshly drawn from the toddy-palm, toddy is a very light drink, slightly milky-white and very little intoxicating, but it rapidly ferments and increases the alcoholic content. It is never sold pure to the Indian villager, but is mixed with much stronger liquors.

LAUGHING

Rabelaisian Rabelais (1490-1553), earliest of modern French satirists, is famous for his *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel*, which ridicules most human excesses—in law, education, social life, and government. His name has given the word *Rabelaisian* to humour which is rich and causes loud laughter.

early Spanish picaresque tale 'Lazarillo de Tormes' A picaresque tale is one of adventures in travel, chiefly of a satiric and humorous kind. *Lazarillo de Tormes* is an early sixteenth-century story of the kind, relating the adventures of a beggar.

Oscar Wilde English dramatist (1856-1900), poet and prose-writer. The wit in his comedies of society was of a kind new to English minds at the end of the nineteenth century, e.g. — 'To lose one parent is a misfortune, to lose both looks like carelessness.'

MAKING PICTURES

Fra Angelico *Lorenzetti* *Carpaccio* *Rembrandt*
Giotto Giotto (1267-1327) is the earliest great master of the Venetian school of painters, Fra Angelico (1387-1455) a later mediaeval master of the same school. Lorenzetti (1324-1348) is one of the earliest of the Sienese masters, Carpaccio (1478-1522) a pupil of Gentile Bellini of the Venetian school. Rembrandt (1606-1669) is the only non-Italian of this group, being the greatest of Flemish masters.

Piero della Francesca or Sodoma or Goya Piero della Francesca (1415-1492) belongs to the school of Umbria, Sodoma (1477-1549) to the school of Milan. Goya is a Spanish painter of eminence.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Sidney 'Arcadia' Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) attained fame not only as a great gentleman and soldier but also as a writer. His *Arcadia* (written 1580, published 1590) is a fanciful romance set in highly imaginative natural surroundings of beauty and happiness, giving us the epithet Arcadian for such bliss.

Peacock 1785-1866, English novelist whose work satirizes living people of his time—especially Coleridge—under the mask of characters living in such places as Gryll Grange, Nightmare Abbey, &c.

Proust French novelist of the nineteenth-century whose method of analysis of human character has influenced such English novelists as Arnold Bennett.

MUSIC AT NIGHT

Jowett The famous Tutor and, later, Master of Balliol College, Oxford. He lived from 1817 to 1893.

Billy Sunday An American religious revivalist of the beginning

of this century, whose dramatic acting and colloquial speech on the platform created great excitement at the time

Freud, Rivers, Adler, Jung, Wohlgemuth Five of the principal exponents of psychoanalysis in medicine. Rivers was English, the others are Germans of Austria or Switzerland

THE FREE MAN AND THE FORD CAR

Benedict Arnold 1741-1801, American soldier in the American War of Independence. Embittered at the intrigues against him, he made a secret arrangement to hand over to the English West Point, the key to the Hudson Valley

Arnold Bennett 1867-1931, one of the greatest modern English novelists

SCIENTIFIC GOVERNMENT

Laplace 1749-1827, mathematician and astronomer of great fame. Napoleon made him Minister of the Interior but removed him in six weeks for practical incompetence, saying that 'he brought into the administration the spirit of the infinitesimals'

the Serajevo murders These were the murder of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian and Hungarian thrones, and his consort by a young Serb Prince near the end of June 1914, which brought to a head the dispute between Austria and Serbia and so precipitated the Great War

William Morris *News from Nowhere* William Morris (1834-1896) was both a great painter and craftsman and a poet and novelist. He became one of the earlier intellectual Socialists, and his romance *News from Nowhere* is a Socialist dream of the future

Lenin Born in 1870, Lenin took a leading part in the earlier struggles in Russia against the old empire, escaping to England when things grew too hot for him in his own country. He led the Bolshevik (i.e. 'majority') section of the Russian Socialists at the Russian Revolution of 1917 and ultimately ousted the Menshevik (or 'minority') section from power, thus ushering in the present Communist regime

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